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## BEYOND THE SUNRISE.

OBSERVATIONS BY

TWO TRAVELLERS.

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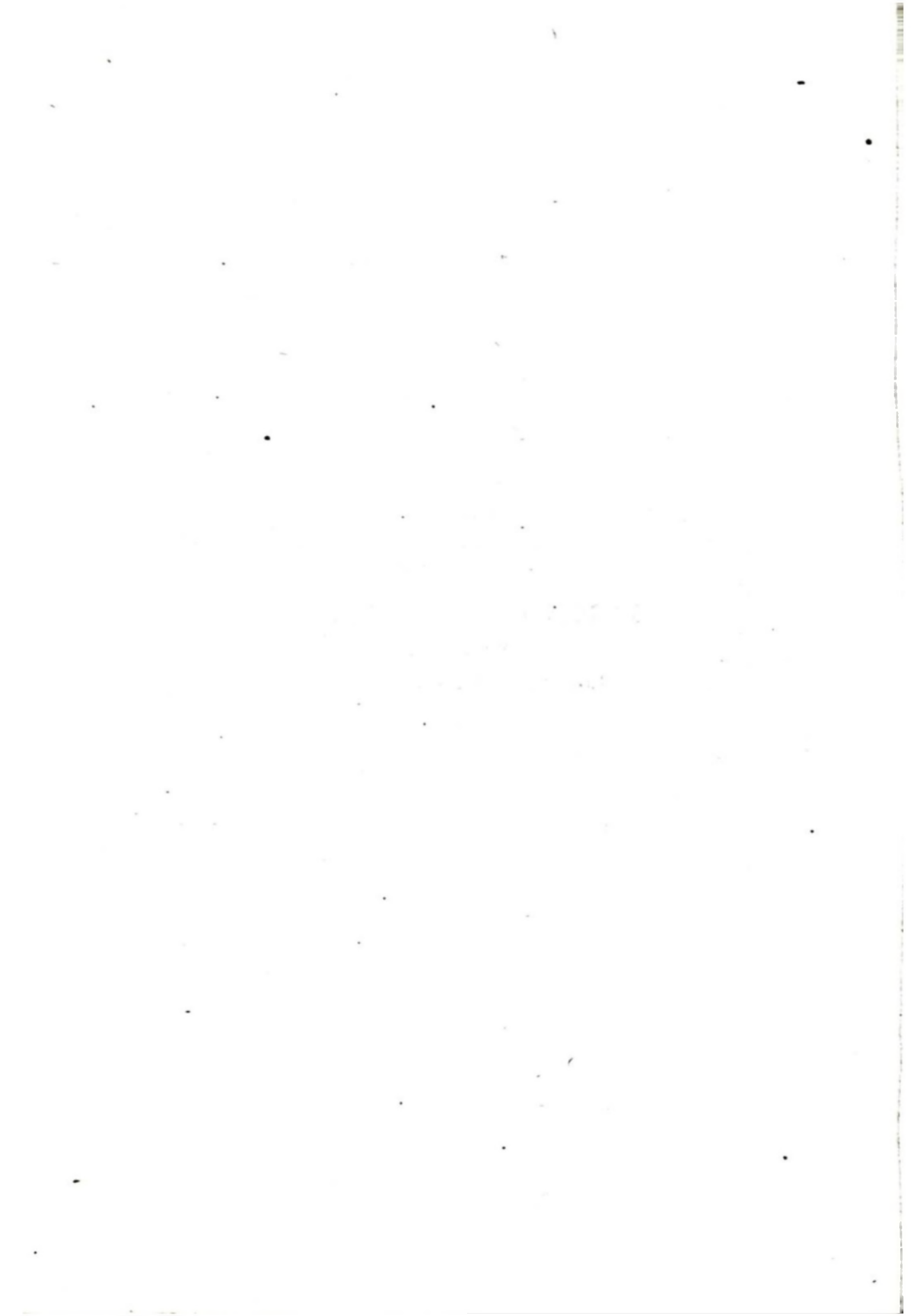
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TO  
C. A. B.  
‘DEAR MAMA.’  
WITH  
LOVING AND FAITHFUL  
AFFECTION.





## PREFACE.

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The two observers whose views and experiences are introduced in the following pages have only to state to a generous public that almost all the occurrences herein narrated are strictly true. Names are changed, but the facts are changeless. What are given are as nothing compared to what might be told. And thousands of persons in the seclusion of their homes possess unconfessed testimony of this Land Beyond the Sunrise





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*The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats, though unseen among us; visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
It visits with inconstant glance  
Each human heart and countenance;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
Like memory of music fled,  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.*

—SHELLEY.

---

*"Ah! love, let us be true  
To one another; for the world, which seems  
To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
So various, so beautiful, so new,  
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
And we are here as on a darkling plain  
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
Where ignorant armies clash by night."*

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.





# BEYOND THE SUNRISE.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### MONA AND CLEO.

“That serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul;  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.”

*Wordsworth.*

It was toward the close of a day in early winter that two women, neither old nor young, neither sad nor gay, neither homely nor beautiful, sat in by the bay-window in their drawing-room and talked of many things. Out in the street pedestrians hurried by, bending their heads against the fierce gusts that swept around corners and eddied in the areas, occasionally stripping off a hat, or raising a cloud of dust which streamed up and down the adjacent avenue. In the west a pale, amber glow marked where the sun had

set; while a few crimson-tinged clouds reflected themselves in the windows looking that way, in dancing sparkles of slowly fading color.

Within, the room was full of cheer and content. The spacious, old-fashioned square drawing-room, of a size rarely seen in New York—and then only in those Knickerbocker homesteads which are fast giving up the ghost before new glittering fronts of brown-stone houses—was large enough to hold thirty people without being filled. The grate-full of glowing coals shed a mellow radiance, with its genial warmth, over the rich old furnishings, deepened into a ruddier hue the claret hangings of windows and doors, and touched with glints of gold their amber linings. The light revealed a couple of long ebony book-cases, filled with the best classics of the language; it was reflected from a polished mirror in a rare Venetian frame, and broke in soft shimmers over graceful and elegant trifles, many of them antedating the modern rage for bric-à-brac.

The massive carved furniture was in keeping with the room; so was the Turkish rug upon the dark, polished floor; the cabinets of porcelain and of treasures gleaned from various climes, many of them the gift of friends. For the two who sat here in the fading light had drawn to themselves some of the best representatives in literature and art that the great city attracts from the four quarters of the globe, and these were their friendly offerings. So with the pictures, looking out from their frames upon the warm gray tints of the wall. This was a Madonna, a genuine Carlo Dolce, the gift of a young artist, whom the friends had helped

to send abroad to slake his thirst for color in learning at the feet of masters in Rome ; that was the face of a genuine Rommany girl, with dark, gipsy beauty stamped upon her Sybilline brow. Yonder landscape, with its misty waterfall breaking into motion under the quivering light, and its weird overhanging rocks, was bought from the cañons of the West, where the artist had transferred it to his canvas to hang upon these walls. This bust, that statuette, that cup of jasper, those bronzes from Japan, that carved olive from Jerusalem, those curiosities from western Pueblos, fitted into their surroundings, betokening a sympathy for all things that represented the life of different peoples and expressed their love or labor.

But we will return from our observation of the room to its occupants, on this afternoon when we are privileged to make their acquaintance.

"How good it is to have one day in seven," sighed one, "when the labor of the week is laid by, and we can forget care and rise to a higher level of thought and life. They who have souls need Sundays."

"True," responded the other, "and they can then come closer to the souls of other people. What should we do without our Sunday evening gatherings?"

"We should not do at all," repeated the first speaker. "The unutterable weariness of our common-place daily lives, year in and year out, would drive us into insanity or idiocy, unless they were relieved in some way. It is grind, jar, rush, push, pull, all the while. At our very best, work, good honest work, at anything—house-keeping, or playing the lady of fashion, philanthropy or literature—means wear and waste."



"Yes, we must all have some vent, in one way or another,—Jane becomes a devotee of the church, Mary of dress, Sue of her table, Julia of music, and Amy of high art, as represented on ugly plaques and still more ugly screens. Each wants to escape into a world of her own to forget disappointment and annoyance."

"Do you think that is the secret of hobbies? Do people take up one absorbing interest out of desire to forget annoyances, or out of love of the selected work?"

"Well, both, perhaps, according to the temperament. But, I do believe that under the surface of all there is a longing for the ideal life, and that these hobbies, as you call them, offer means of forgetfulness of the emptiness of daily work."

"‘We touch and go and sip the foam of many lives,’ Longfellow says, but it is foam alone. There is a world below, that is seldom stirred. True, we know, you and I, how much more real that inner world is than the outer one. It is the world of the soul, that mysterious domain where cause exists, where all the springs that govern action have their home. How many men and women among all our acquaintances do you suppose know anything about this inner life?"

"It would be a curious thing to find out. We know that a few of our friends are interested in the unseen powers of human beings. I would like to find the percentage who have any experience whatever in those mysteries which some call ‘occult,’ others ‘spiritualistic,’ and others still, ‘imagination.’"

"Take care," laughed the other speaker, "don't encroach on the premises of those who convert every

loose fancy into the work of some disembodied spirit."

"Not at all," replied the graver of the two. "There is almost as much fetishism to-day as ever. There are those who cannot believe the most common circumstance is not the work of spirits. They rise and retire, buy and sell, marry and divorce according to their own selfish wishes, and then declare the spirits of Shakespeare, or George Washington or Bacon influenced them. Bah! what drivelling nonsense."

"Yes; such things make any belief in the conscious communion of spirits seem utterly ridiculous. They use neither common-sense nor philosophy. But you and I have had too many singular experiences not to know there is a border-land, a mystic country, where matter ends and spirit begins, or rather where both meet and mingle. We know that spirits, both in and out of the body, do convey impressions of intelligence and affection under favoring circumstances."

"Of course we know it, by many strange occurrences. From their nature, we seldom speak about them. Suppose we try to find out how many of our friends have similar experiences."

"Agreed," said the other speaker, after a few moments' musing. "We'll begin in a quiet way this very evening. How shall we introduce the subject?"

"Well, I think by telling some of the mysterious things which convince us of the truth of psychology, and that its power does survive the death of the body. We profess to have reason and discrimination, and the friends who come to see us on Sunday evenings have the same, or we should not call them friends. Let us



open the shut doors of our inner lives and find the entrance to others."

By this time twilight had disappeared, the wind without had subsided, the coals in the grate were crumbling into ashes, and the gleam of firelight on picture, book and bust grew fainter, until the two friends could see only the dim outlines of one another. Each sat like a statue in the darkening gloom, as though the stirring life of the senses had exhaled slowly during their talk, leaving only the pale, awful encasements in which they had dwelt. Something of this came over them, while they remained motionless, as under a spell. Were they entering the borders of that mystic land about which they had been conferring? Were they slowly, silently drifting together down that stream which sets from the shores of time toward eternity? Were they already out of the push and roar and fever of this world, where the coarsest and most superficial seem to be the strongest?

The silence grew deeper, the darkness more profound. Ebbing away, lapsing into reverie, both became conscious of an elevation of feeling, a clearness of mental vision, an uplifting of the soul, such as only comes in moments when the entire being is refreshed by springs which have their rise in the higher life.

At that instant, when motion was suspended and the spirit within became as an ethereal flame, a low, sweet sound broke into waves upon the listening air. It began soft and clear, and gradually grew higher and more loud. Indescribably pathetic, it swelled until the whole room seemed to quiver in vibrant sympathy. It came not from any one place; it filled all places.

Higher and sweeter and clearer it smote upon the ear, until it seemed as if walls had disappeared, and boundless space was interpenetrated and thrilled by that nameless, voiceless melody.

Slowly it died out as it came; the tremulous air grew quiet, the music spent itself in a sobbing sweetness which was half a gladness and half a pain. When silence fell like a pall, it rested on the heads of the friends as they knelt beside their seats, bowed, thankful and awed, as they upon whom had fallen a mysterious blessing. How long they remained thus they never knew. Some stir in the hall, some awakening sense of body and its limitations, roused them into consciousness from that mingling of the individual spirit with that Infinite Spirit, which is over all and contains all, and once more they were in a common work-a-day world. The maid entered, lighted the gas, replenished the fire, drew the curtains, and summoned them to their simple evening meal. Moving slowly, as those who are confused after slumbering long, they followed her to the dining-room.

At the table, with its delicate porcelain and artistic touches in daintily arranged and prepared dishes, stood a tall, slight, dark-eyed girl, who welcomed our friends with a smile, and received from each a fond one in return. After some remarks pertaining to the evening, the young lady suddenly broke out, turning to the elder of the friends:

"Auntie, I must ask you, what is that strange, sweet music which I have heard twice since I've been here? Each time you and Cleo have been alone in the drawing-room and in the dark. I haven't dared to ask, but it

seems so far and faint, though distinct, that I must know how it is made and what it is."

The lady addressed, whom we will call Mona, turning to her, affectionately replied,

"How does it impress you Psyche? what does it sound like?"

"It sounds more like an *Æolian* harp than anything else, but I haven't seen one here. It seems to thrill me through and through. I can't tell you how strange it is. I could almost float away into dream-land."

"What do you mean by dream-land," said Cleo, "and how do you float to that 'undiscovered country'?"

"Precise as ever," retorted the younger, "and determined to make me weigh and measure every word. I mean the land or space of which the soul has glimpses in rare moments. I haven't words to express my meaning," she burst out, as if she could no longer repress her desire to speak of something which she was not quite sure would be understood. "You both know of the double life, the life of the senses, and the life of the soul, and you need not try to keep it from me, Auntie dear! It is new to me, but you have known of the power to rise out of this life into one where we see and hear and feel and know through the action of our spirits, without using our bodily organs."

Cleo and Mona regarded each other with a conscious look, as Psyche glanced from one to the other, and as the former was about to speak the maid ushered in a gentleman, a friend who was always expected at their Sunday evening receptions. After a cordial greeting from them, he took a cup of fragrant Oolong at the hand of the maid, and lightly said,



“What is on the carpet now? Psyche here looks bewildered, and you two are in doubt. Let me settle the matter. As I know nothing about it, I am amply qualified.”

All looked relieved, for Prof. Angus was as near the Sir Oracle of the little household as any outside person could well be. After some conversation, in which the friends related their talk at the beginning of the chapter, each agreed to unfold his and her occult experiences. Mona consented to begin, and after describing the music which had been heard by all three just before tea, she continued as follows:

## CHAPTER II.

### MONA'S STORY.

Thou wilt never grow old,  
Nor weary, nor sad in the home of thy birth ;  
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold  
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.  
O holy and fair ! I rejoice thou art there,  
In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold,  
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where  
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,  
Never grow old !

So I believe, though the shadows of time  
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold ;  
Thou wilt still love me, and—pleasure sublime—  
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,  
Never grow old !

*Mrs. A. Howorth.*

“ You know, all of you,” Mona said, “ what a struggle father’s life was, on the Western Reserve, with a large family, a new farm, and the thousand discouragements and perplexities that are natural to such conditions. He was a strong, robust man, but mother was slight and delicate. Her children were near each other in age, and such a woman’s lot is hard, oh ! so hard, when she has fine tastes and a fine organization. There were small children always clinging to her skirts, and she must put their little hands aside and go on with



her monotonous work. They must creep away into a corner and cry themselves to sleep, for there was no time to kiss and fondle the little tender faces and cuddle them up to rest with a mother's love." Here Mona's voice became husky, and she paused before continuing. "I sometimes think it is better to never have motherhood than subject children to such deprivations. Be that as it may, I know mother never had time to sit down at rest and ease with her family. There were always stockings to mend and clothes to make and repair, when her tired feet would no longer carry her around the house. Darling mother! Her feet are shod with peace and her work is to carry comfort to the afflicted, now.

"Well, we were all girls but one, our pet Jamie; the most gentle, manly little fellow he was. As he grew up, he showed such love for music as I have never seen equaled. We all had good voices, and on Sundays frequently sang together the simple hymns and psalms which we had learned at church. Jamie's eyes would then sparkle like stars, and his face almost shone with happiness. Simple melodies seemed to create in him a species of rapture; he forgot everything and everybody, and his soul fairly floated on the wings of song. He used to long for a violin, which father could no more get than he could get the crown of England. He pined for something on which to play; he wanted the opportunity for expressing the music which was in him, and which this life could never give. Poor boy! no, rich boy, he is now nearer the source of music, and floats like a thistle-down on its earth-descending currents."

She paused here, overcome with memory and regret; the Professor softly repeated these lines of Holmes':

"We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet, wailing singers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?  
A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy fame is proud to win them;  
Alas! for those who never sing,  
And die with all their music in them."

Looking up gratefully, Mona resumed: "At night-fall, one summer day, we children were all out on the rustic porch in front of the log house, when suddenly we heard a low, sweet strain in the air, seemingly just above Jamie's head. The boy was seated on a rude bench playing with a little dog. We all looked up wonderingly, Jamie among the rest. The air was clear; daylight had hardly departed, and there was no possible way in which any instrument or person could be concealed near our home. Frightened at I knew not what, I rushed into the house and called father and mother. They came out and listened, gravely looking at each other. Meanwhile, clear and weird rose and fell the strains, and all stood as if spell-bound. Jamie seemed as if lifted out of himself. He was an angel for that moment, as much as he is to-day, when so many years of spirit lore have been his own. He gazed upward like one entranced, and when the music slowly died away, threw himself headlong upon the ground and burst into a passion of weeping. It was as if he had been let down out of heaven and the disenchantment was too much to be borne. The rest of us were hushed and

said little about it afterward. As for poor mother, she was paler and gentler than ever, and her eyes rested on Jamie as if they could never let him go from her sight.

Autumn came, after a wretched drought. Father's cattle almost perished with thirst; the crops were a failure. He and mother went about more silent than ever. Then Jamie fell sick with fever, his curly head tossed over the bed and moans broke from his parched lips. "Sing to me mamma, sing! sing!" he kept saying, and the dear mother sang with an angelic smile on her pale features. She watched over him all the while for three days and nights, singing most of the time to calm his restlessness. On the fourth morning he lay quiet, as life ebbed away. We were all called in to see our beautiful boy leave us. There stood mamma, crooning an old familiar hymn, while Jamie's unnaturally bright eyes had the far-off look of the dying as they behold visions of that beautiful city to which they are going. Suddenly that low, strange music floated again on the air; it filled the room, it swelled louder and clearer, while the boy's eyes took a strange expression as of joyful recognition and perfect peace. Reaching up his hands he whispered: "I am going, mamma, going where music comes from!" and the short breath flickered and ceased forever. Jamie passed away as the music grew fainter and fainter, and we were left with only his lovely clay.

"From that day to this, I have heard, as often as once a year, that mysterious music. We, as a family, are scattered, and all but myself and one brother have gone 'where music comes from.' At the time of the departure of each, no matter how widely we are sepa-



rated, that music either mingles with my dreams, or is heard by myself and by others, when awake. Once, when alone in that very room where it sounded to-night, I plainly distinguished the words 'Jamie,' 'Mona,' breathed forth in musical cadence, and knew that the boy I had lost had come back to me on the strains of melody. I was then assured, what I have never before told save to Cleo, that love overleaps the grave, and is as immortal as the spirit of which it is a part. I know, too, what I now declare to you, my friends, that the loved who have dropped off the encumbering garment of the flesh, can return at some times, and under some conditions, yet but little understood, and whisper loving, tender thoughts into our heart of hearts. This makes my life blessed and triumphant, for I know that life here and life hereafter are but parts of the same immortality; that all that is worth having survives the grave, and, that existence is continuous, progressive, and unspeakably beautiful, if we only strive for the best and the highest, and live pure and faithful; that is the condition, and that alone."

It was some time after the narration closed before any movement was made. Prof. Angus, wishing to turn the attention from a train of feeling which was too oppressive, said:

"Your story is too beautiful for you to keep alone; you did well to tell us what you have. And I believe you are right in your conjecture, that nearly all persons, or families, have had occurrences which were inexplicable upon any generally received hypothesis."

Cleo looked closely at the Professor at this, and

said: "Have you too, a story to tell, Professor? I have often thought you had, from slight remarks you have dropped from time to time."

"Oh, yes! as I said, there are strange occurrences in every household. They are not often related for many reasons, but I have, in imagination, gathered them together from my acquaintances, and made a large and interesting volume merely from those whom I know in this city."

"Then you like our plan of drawing them out of their receptacles in the memory of our friends, as they come in Sunday evening?" said Mona. "We are very curious to see how many are conscious of this inner-communion of soul with soul?"

"Yes," replied Professor Angus. "Only be circumspect about those whom you consult. The major portion of humanity will be sceptical in regard to anything which does not pertain to the senses. They live in the flesh and are fleshly in thought and feeling. Then there are many who go as for the other way. They are superstitious and unreasoning, and ready to believe in absurd supernaturalism."

"People are growing in this respect," diffidently, remarked Psyche. "Two years ago I would have left the table if such a conversation had occurred. Now, I not only remain, but am fascinated. Just now it seems to me the most important and interesting of topics."

The Professor threw his head back and gazed at her long and critically, a liberty which we will take with him. He was a man of striking, almost majestic appearance. Though not of remarkable height, his



symmetrical proportions, noble features, and dignity of mien singled him out for remark wherever he appeared. A look of unconscious power in his dark eyes would have been severity, save that it softened with the brooding sympathy of a heart pitiful for the weaknesses and tender for the sufferings of our common humanity. These cast a shadow over what would otherwise be too large and self-contained a nature to be flurried by the gusts of circumstance or ruffled by disappointment and disaster. His orb rolled too high up in the heavens to be affected by anything so trifling; it obeyed only those great tidal currents that flow from the reservoirs of everlasting laws. He was swayed by the concrete, not the abstract; for the individual he cared little, for the many he would have laid down his life. Strangers thought him haughty and cold; friends adored him and poured into his ear half their joys and all their sorrows; for answer, he gave never a word: he acted only. This obstacle was quietly removed; that woe was silently buried. A few stood aloof, impatient to see him called a second Aristides. Yet he had never, so far, stooped or wavered from his firm, steady tread up the heights of manhood. He aimed to become a rounded, harmonious being, dominated by his higher faculties, as seldom seen, so far, as the blossom of the century plant.

Such was the Professor, who had been for years the friend of both Mona and Cleo, and latterly of Psyche. This young lady, though claiming relationship in familiar talk, held such only in affection. She had come into their lives about two years before, in a manner yet to be explained.

The Professor again took up the thread of conversation, by addressing Psyche thus.

"You seem to have a temperament which is subject to occult experiences, I am sure you could tell us many such if you chose."

"Is one temperament more subject to these than another?" asked Cleo.

"Certainly; you have large blue eyes and auburn hair, and are intuitive; you see into the truth of things at a flash. It would be simply impossible for you to plod along and study out any matter in which you are interested. You belong to the light, bright, skillful dashing, successful order of lady-birds."

"Thank you, Professor," said the person so designated, with a mocking bow.

"Your eyes see at once what you need, and you dart to seize your own. You are a child of intuition. Confess you have never regretted following your first impressions regarding any subject."

"You are right. If I disobey that inward monitor, I make the saddest mistakes. But what about dark people. I know you have made temperaments a study."

"Well, Psyche, here, who belongs to the night-side of nature, is of a race from which come the seers,—people sometimes call them dreamers. No matter what they are called; they do see into the busy sources of life and action."

"I have sometimes thought," said Mona, "that there were currents, or rather states of intelligence, and that some persons have the kind of lightning-rod which is capable of tapping these layers, and conducting thought down to themselves."

All laughed at this remark. "That is a truth you have touched upon, I do believe," returned Professor Angus. "Furthermore," continued he, "such persons, in some similar way, read thoughts and receive impressions of occurrences at a distance."

"Yes," said Cleo, "you have studied those subjects a good deal; tell us some of your conclusions in regard to occult powers."

At this moment the maid ushered in other friends, Dr. Carolus, an elderly gentleman with a benignant aspect, and a lady who was welcomed by the party at the table as Iris. These two had met at the door; for Iris resided in the same street, while Dr. Carolus came from a neighboring city. With the freedom of good comradeship, sufficient conversation was repeated to enable the new-comers to become interested in the topics under consideration. All then turned to Professor Angus for further information.

"It is a very momentous subject," said he, "this of the power of mind to act independently of the body, and impress itself upon other minds and even upon matter. That it has such power is an actual scientific fact, without there being in it the least supernaturalism. There are those, according to the experiments of a multitude of investigators, who can feel the condition of those with whom they are in sympathy, as well as perceive objects at a distance. In short, their interior faculties, for the time being, dispense with those bodily organs which the world at large is compelled to employ. Do you believe that Dr. Carolus?"

"I more than believe it," quietly replied that gentle-

man, "I know it; but I wish to know more about the conditions governing such seership."

"Let us adjourn to the drawing-room," said Mona, "and continue the narration of what we have seen and heard regarding this border-world."

Once around the fire in that warm, spacious apartment, the friends in council agreed to confine themselves strictly to what they knew to be without shadow of doubt. They were to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," of which these pages are a faithful transcript. By agreement, Cleo was to be the first to relate some portions of her life with which her friends were but partially acquainted.



## CHAPTER III.

### CLEO'S STORY.

"Sometimes, when you have grown weary  
In the paths your feet must tread,  
And you sit down lonely, dreary,  
Thinking, longing for the dead,  
I will come;  
In the twilight round about you,  
I will whisper words of cheer,  
While the world drifts on without you,  
And you will be glad to hear."

CLEO, usually so ready to reply to the remarks of others, and full of eager interest in the conversations of those about her, sat in silence while Mona and their guests chatted earnestly on the subject they had agreed to investigate. She gazed into the fire with an absent, musing look, which the Professor, noticing, turned gently to her and said:

"Cleo, you have a world of memories locked up in your heart, and they are stirring it strangely to-night. When I first knew you your deep mourning and sad face aroused quick sympathy, and yet I thought you singularly cheerful under the cares you carried. You had just lost your mother, then, had you not?"

"Yes," she replied, softly, "and my father had gone only a few months before. It was so hard to bear, so hard."



"But, dear," responded Mona, "were you not buoyed up day by day and night by night, with a strength that seemed almost supernatural at the time?"

"It was love, not strength as apart from it; but rather the strength of love that nerved me in those sad days; days which even now make me shudder to recall."

"You will tell us some of the circumstances of that time, of which I have heard you speak, will you not?" kindly asked the Professor.

The company was silent, and the common desire felt to hear Cleo's recital impelled her to give to these tried and strong friends the heart-page of her life which had been written in bitter sorrow. Slowly she began the reading of it as follows:

"My mother was, is, and ever will be to me the dearest of all earthly friends. She was my real mother by the ties of spirit as by the bond of flesh, and as a child, though I was selfish and thoughtless, and cost her much pain through my acts of disobedience and willful ways, yet I felt toward her a sentiment that I realized to be unlike the feeling the majority of the girls I knew entertained for their mothers. I loved her spirit then, and I loved it better afterward. Her motherless childhood, her loneliness and neglect—for she was put into a boarding-school at the tender age of five years—without a sister, and separated thenceforth from her older brother, whom she idolized, appealed to me with strange force, and haunted me at times. She was at home rarely in her childhood, and she grew to feel that no one in the world cared for her. Night after night she wept herself to sleep, and when the holidays came she would

droop and pine for the presence of some one she loved. Her brother died early, and her father did not realize her sufferings. He thought she was happy, and on his occasional visits, she was so quiet that he imagined her requests to be taken home were forgotten as soon as he left her. I can remember the pained, subdued look that would come over her face when she spoke of his going from her after his occasional visits, leaving the trembling little form seated on the doorstep, while he mounted a spirited horse and rode away.

"She was a matured young girl at eight years of age, and I have heard my father say that when he met her, though she was but twelve years old, she had the manners and feelings of a grown person. Two years later she was married, her father doubtless looking upon her as being a woman, and considering his home, a great plantation occupied by his servants and himself, an unfit place for a young lady. So she married a lover much older than herself, but still only twenty-three years of age. Her life was pathetic from beginning to end, and while it is not needful to tell you all the particulars of it, I am sure you would be interested to know one who was intuitive and refined, and spiritual even as a child, and whose influence is powerful over her children to-day.

"As the years passed I grew to know her superiority to other women, and I am sure no family of children were ever more devoted to a mother. Her life was absorbed in theirs, and she loved us with a tenderness born of the sad experiences she had known as a child. When you remember that we lived in the country, on a large farm, and off the line even of the country cross-

roads, and having no very near neighbors, you can realize how much we were with our mother. She would not permit us to be sent away to school, and she never was reconciled to even a short separation from her children. So we grew into the habit of deferring to her in all things; of looking up to her as the sole arbiter of our fate. My father was much from home, and when there he almost constantly had gentlemen visiting him, for the country round about us was famous for its good hunting and fishing, and he, himself was an ardent sportsman.

“Our old great-grandfather, the father of my mother’s mother, lived with us and inspired us with greater reverence for our mother than we perhaps would have had, though I do not see how that was possible, by telling us of her mother, his only daughter, who died when my mother was a baby, and while he was in Europe. He made us as familiar with the picture of our grandmother as of our mother, and to this day I can recall hundreds of trifling incidents of her life. My mother loved this grandfather more than she did her own father, and I can never think of her without a memory of dear, kind grandpapa, who died in her arms.

“The war came like a thunderbolt in a clear sky, and my mother’s heart never had rest or peace again. Its cruelties hurt her to the finest fibres of her being, and her helplessness to avert suffering made her a changed woman. When you first knew me, Professor, we had been living in the city three years, and in that time my father, who had returned to our old home on business, died there, and my mother had but just come



back to us. She was never herself after my father's death, though her love for us was the same. She had known great trials, but nothing seemed to hurt her so much now as the poverty of her children and the fear that it would separate us from each other. She was spared all that we could hide from her, but her nature was too fine to be uninformed: she read us intuitively; or, as I should say, clairvoyantly, and she foresaw the yet other changes that were to come. My youngest brother, the baby of the home, was her idol. Over his future she pondered long and prayerfully, and it was pitiful to see her look at him as he danced through the house, the sunniest, sweetest child I ever knew. She told me that his youth appealed to her with all the tenderness youth should have from grown-up people, that I think it was a memory of her lonely childhood and a fear of loneliness for him that made her want to clasp him close to her heart so often and give him every assurance of her undying love. My sister Maggie, but a few years older, she seemed not to grieve to leave as she did little Ernest. For she was preparing to leave. I did not understand this at the time, but I afterwards realized that she had had premonition of approaching death.

"One day she called me to the bedside where she was lying, and said she wanted to go home; to go back to the old farm where my father had died, and stay there for a time. I was surprised, and protested that it would be death for her to go there in mid-summer. I tried to show her that the July heat was hard enough to meet here, and that the sudden change from this climate to that she could not endure. It did no good:



she was so gentle and sweet about it that before we realized ourselves what she was doing, she had gone on that long journey alone. It was a very long journey—she never came back. Poor little Ernest plead with her not to leave him, but she said it would be all right by and by, and she must go. I asked her if she wished to have him with her, but she said no, and looking at me in a tender, mournful way, asked me if I would keep him.

“It ought to have frightened me to have her make such a request, but, blind idiot that I was, I did not attribute it to more than her desire to seek my approval of her decision. She was never willing to needlessly tax us with any care that she could take upon herself. Poor dear mother! she went away that summer morning, gentle and quiet in her good-byes and considerate of everyone to the last. Just as she was leaving her room she called me back and asked me to keep her things just as they were until I heard from her, and ‘let dear little Ernie sleep here in my bed. I will come back to him,’ she said. I promised, saying that I would be near him, my room adjoined hers—and he would like to sleep there alone. ‘Yes,’ was her quiet reply, ‘he will think of mama here, and he will see me here again.’ Then she strained me to her heart repeatedly and went away. I watched her with the tears streaming down my face until she was driven out of sight and then I felt a sudden realization of the wrong we had done to let her go back home alone. But the next day I looked upon it more philosophically, and when in the course of a week I heard from her, I comforted myself with the feeling that perhaps she would grow happier there,

where everything reminded her of my father. I concluded that mother wanted to stay as much as she could on the place before it was sold, and while I was reconciled to that, because my sister and brother were there, I could not understand why she did not want Ernest to go with her. I did afterward, and I shall never forget the circumstance that made me know her reason for leaving him.

. . . . .

"We retired one night, two weeks after her departure, rather later than usual. I suppose that I fell almost instantly to sleep. My younger sister and myself roomed together, and Ernest was lying asleep in mother's bed when I retired. The door was open between the rooms and we were not very far apart. The first I remember was being aroused by the sound of some one speaking, and almost instantly perceived it was Ernest's voice. He was pleading with some one, and I thought he was talking in his sleep, when I heard him say, 'Oh, mama do please stay with me; I don't want you to go—you must stay.' Then in a lower tone, 'Well, see her and come back to me.' In an other instant I felt a sensation of some invisible presence in the room, and then sprang up to see the frightened child rush in and exclaim, 'Where's mama? where's mama? she came in here.' He was so strongly excited that to make him believe he was mistaken was impossible. I took him in my arms and rocked him a long time trying to hush his sobbing and make him think he had been dreaming. Finally, when he was exhausted I went back to bed with him, and there, after a long time, he dropped to sleep with his arms fastened

tight about my neck. I could not sleep myself, and after a while I got up softly and went into my own room and sat down by the window. The night was very still, and I was trying to grow calm and passive, and had just succeeded in making myself believe it was only an attack of nightmare, when the sleeping child screamed out 'Mama! Mama!' I felt as if I could not rise from my seat. He was speaking rapidly, and I thought I heard another voice, but it might have been imagination. My sister stirred in her sleep, and I arose and started back to him. He met me, his eyes wide with fright, and his little form quivering with a chill.

"'She is dead! sister; she said so; she said she told you she would come back to me in her bed, and she had come she said to tell you all good-by. She said, 'God bless you,' and then she was gone.'

"Nothing could convince him that she was not dead, and I had hard work to get him to lie down with us in bed. It was nearly daylight when I closed my eyes in sleep, and when we arose in the morning we left the little fellow sleeping soundly, his lips parted in a smile.

*"At noon that day a telegram came announcing the death of our mother the preceding day."*

Mona had moved her seat nearer to her friend, and was sitting with her arm resting on her chair. The Professor was gazing into the fire, which threw its dancing light in all parts of the room, making shadows in every corner. The Doctor sighed, and stirred uneasily, and Iris said softly,

"Ah, Cleo, you learned in suffering what you teach with your pen. I wish I might know what effect your



mother's death had upon that impressionable little child."

"I will gladly tell you from his letters," said Cleo, "for he and I both wrote her many letters after her death. I encouraged him to do so to keep him in close sympathy with her, and I have these letters. Some evening I will read them to you. I must say, though, that the morning after the visit of my mother to his bedside, Ernest had entirely recovered from the effects of his 'dream,' and seemed to look upon it as something too bad to be entertained. He was willing to keep his engagement at the dentist's, and I went with him, more like a person in a dream than a practical, hard-working young woman, who had to be father and mother to my little brother and sister."

"But you believe, Cleo, that your mother came to your brother, disappeared and returned?"

"Yes, I do," she answered, decidedly. "She intended to go to my sister and myself, and leave her blessing and good-by and then return to him as she promised him when she went out. His screams and the sudden movements of us all caused her to lose the strength she would have had, otherwise, to return at once to his room. She did go back, however, later, and make him know that she had kept her word to come back when she had seen me."

"How do you account for his indifference to the occurrence next day?"

"He was a little boy only eight years old, and the events of the morning quickly dispersed the memory of his dream. But later it came back to him with greater force than ever before, and he now believes



that his mother stopped on her journey to say 'good-by.' She was out of her body, but was able to make herself seen by her child. I should have seen her had I remained passive, but his scream frightened me out of a deep sleep, and before I could collect my senses her power over matter was lost. This is my humble solution of what I consider to have been the truth."

## CHAPTER IV.

### LETTERS TO THE DEAD.

"O land of the angels so far away,  
Where pain and sorrow surcease alway...

NEXT morning, when the family had gathered in the breakfast-room, Mona, who had been pouring the coffee, asked Cleo, as she handed her a cup: "Why have I never been shown those letters you spoke of last night? I did not know you had them. Tell me what they are."

"We are busy women, Mona, that is the reason. When we sit down in quiet it is at twilight, after the varied duties of the day are over, and it is not then a good time to read. And you know it was not until very recently that we have been planning to get at the practical side of each other's and our friends' spiritual life."

"By the practical side of our spiritual lives you mean the proofs that have come to us, unsought, of higher conditions of being than our present one, and the benefit such knowledge has been to us, do you not?"

"Exactly; and I feel that even under the most harmonious circumstances, and with the best desire in the world, we cannot give to each other the true import of

the spiritual life that we live every day. How many times we fail to put into words, feelings and affections that pertain to the earth and our associates here! To tell you how I see spiritual truths is almost impossible."

"You never rely upon your impressions where they are at variance with your judgment, do you, dear?"

"My impressions, if they are impressions, always control my actions. I believe that if I live in a condition to receive the highest spiritual truths that I will get them, and they are not in any wise antagonistic to my earthly needs and necessities. Our coming out of different abodes, to dwell together under our own roof-tree, was in obedience to a direct impression which we both received, and I do not think that our worldly friends could have given us better advice than we received through our own higher natures."

"What do you think produces the best spiritual condition?"

"The alienation of ourselves from ourselves. The reaching out for nobler impulses and the putting down of evil or ignorance in our thoughts that we may rise, as Tennyson says, 'on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things.'"

"If we could attain to that state, for instance, where we would be wholly unselfish; where we absolutely put down self and 'seek the kingdom of heaven' in every word spoken and act performed, we should then not have to war with the lower elements of our natures. We would have them completely subdued."

"Oh, dear! when shall we reach that transcendent

state, Auntie?" asked Psyche, as she passed the hot rolls to her.

"Cleo reached that state for a little while last night," was Mona's response to the question addressed to her neighbor. "Whenever she talks of her mother I can see the gradual spiritualizing of her face, and her voice vibrates with a tenderness that is acute. You make me realize, Cleo, as few do, that if we are to reach the higher development we want it will be through love. Your love for your mother held her children together when otherwise they would have drifted apart, and it is your intense love for Ernest that has helped to make him the aspiring, lovable fellow he is."

"You mean, Mona, that it is mother's undying love for us that does all this. I never have doubted the strength of her love to compass our best good. She is just as active and ardent in trying to show us the better way now as she was when we played around her knees as little children. I see her face in every flower; I note her form in every graceful cloud; she is with me when I journey and she is with me here when I work or when I seek rest from work. She is a spirit, and time and space are as nothing to her. She can and does speak to my spirit, when it is in harmony with my body and there is no discord within. Otherwise she does not speak to it, though she may be with me unperceived and unrecognized. We see each other now as through a glass, darkly; by and by I shall see her clearly and with the perfect vision. I am convinced our best thoughts, our highest knowledge, come from this inspiration, this quickening of the spirit so as to perceive what is not present to its external vision."



All that is needful on our part is to live in a condition of mental repose and quietude and much in solitude, so that our souls may have an opportunity to develop."

"But how can people live in this high state, Cleo, surrounded as they are by discords and inharmonies everywhere?"

"The desire to so live will help us to reach it, and a determined will must accomplish it. We have not fathomed half the power we have in this direction yet, Mona. I mean in the direction of the development of the will. In my case the desire for aloneness and quiet has not to be cultivated, as you know, and the longing to commune with my mother brings back her sweet presence often with a power that would be startling were it not so glorious."

"Cleo, you make me sad despite myself, at times, and did I not know by daily association with you that you are happy, I should fear to have you dwell so much on the past. It is not with repinings or regret, however, that you review it, but with a hopefulness, I am thankful to say, that is born of your faith in immortality and in the assurance you feel of a better life to come."

"Yes, Mona, and not only in this future life; but that once in it, I shall not be among strangers. I think, with Mrs. Whitney, that

" 'God will not put strange signs in the heavenly places;  
*The old love shall look out from the old faces.*' "

"So I believe with you, Cleo, and I know the heavenly Father would not implant this hope in us if he

did not intend that we should realize it. But come, read us the letters and let us get into a nearer sympathy with your past, by means of them. It is a privilege which I esteem most highly," concluded Mona.

"The letters," answered Cleo, "are too numerous to read, all of them, even if they were of a nature to interest others. They relate entirely to my mother's life and her death, and the singular warnings or premonitions that preceded her death, and are of thrilling interest to her children. I think they will show you, who are so wise on the subject of mind-power and kinship with its own, that my mother was what in this day of misapplied terms and misunderstood phrases would be called a sensitive. Spirit dominated her physical nature, always. At the same time she was pre-eminently practical, and there was in her life more real harmony than I ever saw in any other person's. She possessed to an eminent degree that 'sweet reasonableness' which Emerson describes. The power she had over our minds after she had gone is the chief feature of these letters, and were it not for the mysterious events narrated in those of my sister, and the fact that a little boy so young as was my brother actually wrote the letters to his mother believing that she would see and read them, their contents would not be of value to you.

"My sister's letters are remarkable, and when you are told that they were written in shorthand on any chance page that she could find convenient, and that the scenes she pictured were causing her the most poignant grief, you will readily perceive that she was herself no ordinary woman. Her courage was and is

of a kind that only women of the better type possess. And her loyalty and thought of me at a time when almost any other young woman would have been in a panic, is very admirable. I think in any fair mind they will be evidence that her imagination was not stranger than her reason. She was and is perfectly matter-of-fact and practical, and the responsibilities of life she meets with less friction than is suggested in her letters. But these were written under the most pathetic circumstances, and naturally she was greatly moved. She was, in the country homestead, associated with so much that was sad, and she and brother were hurrying to get my father's affairs settled so that it might be disposed of and they return to us. But I will say no more, and this evening I will read you enough of the letters to make a continuous statement, and follow up the reminiscences of last night."

As Cleo entered the library late that afternoon, with letters in her hands, Mona laid aside the book she was reading, and drew up the shade, that the light might be stronger in the room. She dexterously arranged an easy chair for Cleo, so that in reading, her face should be screened from the listeners, and she could, if she chose, hide herself in its ample depths.

Her housemate appreciated her thoughtfulness, but accepted it in silence, and at once began opening the yellowed pages.

"I am thankful, Mona, that I did not undertake to read these to the Professor. He would like me to be stronger than I am, and to control myself even as he does his grand nature. But I quiver in every nerve



over things that appeal only to his large humanitarian sentiments, and that never touch his inner self. Then, his life is lived on the heights ; mine is one on the hill-side, when not in the valley. This first letter is Ernest's, and this is what he wrote—the dear child :

“ ‘ MY DEAR MAMA :

“ ‘ When you went away, you did not tell sister and me that you were sick, and was going to die. You are not dead, are you, mama? I was at the dentist, and had my mouth all full of rubber when Mary came and called sister to go to the other room. I didn't want her to go, because she was holding my hand, but I had to lie still, and I couldn't tell her not to go. She stayed so long I cried, and the dentist told me she would be there in a minute and then she came back and took hold of my hand, but her hand was so cold I cried and pulled her round where I could see her face, and it was white and scared looking. The dentist said she was sick, and I must be good and let him finish my tooth and then I could take her home. I held on to the chair tight, and sister said I was a good boy and then pretty soon he was done and I jumped up and asked sister what Mary wanted, and she said she would tell me when I got home, and the doctor poured out something in a bottle and told her to drink it, but she didn't take it because she fell on the floor, and I thought she was dead, but she wasn't. She had fainted, the doctor said, and he told me to call another man, and they put her on the sofa, and I rubbed her hand and she smelled something, and when she opened her eyes she was all right, but she looked white and I fanned her some more,



The doctor was 'fraid she wouldn't get home, but she said I would take care of her; and I did. I made the conductor stop and help her on, and then there was a woman in the way and I asked her to move—my sister was sick I told her, and another woman gave her the seat she had, and sister felt better when we got out.

“We hurried home because we were afraid she would be worse, and when Mary opened the door she thought she was worse, for she said, “Oh! miss,” and then she began to cry. Sister took me into the parlor, and told me I must hear her say something awful to speak, and then she put her arms around me and said, “Little boy, we have no mother now.” I said yes, we have—in Georgia. “No, she is dead,” sister said, and she read the telegram that Mary took to the dentist's. The telegram said you died yesterday and wanted us to come. Sister told me we couldn't go, that it was no use to you, and she would send brother and Nellie word and I must take it to the telegraph office. Then we went upstairs and there was Kate and Maggie crying. Kate came here this week to make us a visit, and she cried when she saw sister, and Maggie ran to her and cried loud. Sister sat down and took me on her lap, and put her arms round me and said she must tell us about you. But she couldn't, so she put me down and went out of the room, and Kate said she wished sister would cry. Maggie was crying, and Kate and I cried, but sister came back with the telegram and read us word that she would stay here with the children and send all the money needed. I wanted to go and begged sister to take me, but she said you wanted her to do right, and she did not think it was right to

spend so much money in traveling when it would do you no good. She said brother and Nellie would need the money to pay for you, and we must be patient here. Sister said you were not there; that you had gone to papa, and we must try to think of you as out of all trouble and worry. But I don't see how you died when you wasn't sick here, and you traveled all the way by yourself. We didn't hear a word about you being sick, and how could you die? Sister said if I would write to you and say all about it that she would keep them for you and may be some time you would come back to see us, and read the letters and be glad that your little boy had not forgotten you. I don't feel a bit that you are dead, but it is awful lonesome and sister is so still. I do wish you would come home, mama, to

“ ‘YOUR LITTLE BOY.’

(“ ‘CLEO'S LETTER TO HER MOTHER IN HEAVEN).

“ ‘I am so homesick, mother, that to write to you is the only way to peace. It is so unnatural to be without you. How can I go on day after day without your love, and take care of the children with no counsel from you? It seems to me that the end of the world has come to me, and I want to go hence and join you. Where is “hence,” mother, and where are you? Can it be that in the place or condition where you now are that you have forgotten your children, the old life and all its belongings? Did father meet you? are you with him? and are you with dear old grandfather, and your brother who died when you

were a little girl? How I always loved to hear you speak of him—your boy-brother—whom you were with so little, and who died while you were away from him. It hurts so, mother, to feel that you have gone not to return, and yet I try to think of you as with your mother. It seems almost strange to think of your having a mother. You did not remember her, and but for dear grandpapa I should never have known anything of her. If you are with her and love her as much as I do you, then I know that you are happy. But how can you be happy when we, your children, are mourning for you? Perhaps God lets you forget us so that you may be happy. It don't seem so, though. I am going to try and learn if there is any such thing as spirit return to this world, and if there is, I am sure you will come here and see us again. I know you were here the night you died, mamma. Ernest saw you, and he could not be mistaken, and I felt your presence. I should know you even if you are a spirit.

“‘Things go on here as though we were all made of wood and run by machinery. No one has any interest in anything, and if I had not to work very hard, I do not know what would become of me. Poor children! how hard it is to divert their minds. My heart aches, aches; and I try so hard to smile and make them cheerful. If you had only told me you were going to die, mother, you should not have left me. I did not say good-by for always; I thought it was for only a little time, and it was for all time. You are gone and I am left alone.’



(“ERNIE’S LETTER).

“ ‘DEAR MAMA :

“ ‘Sister says I am to have the knife you said you would get me, and she will have my name put on it, and yours, because, she says, you gave it to me, and she only will see that I get it.

“ ‘We go out in the Park every day, just as quick as sister can get through, and if she cannot go, Mary takes us. But I do not like to go with Mary, sister ought to take us every time. I wish you had said so, then she would do it. She was looking at the sky in the Park yesterday, and I asked her what she saw. I thought it was a bird, and she said she was looking at your home. Then I cried, and told her our home was yours, and she said you had two homes now, but you loved all your children. She said she was selfish, and she would not be any more, and we went and rowed on the lake. Maggie was afraid to go in the boat, so sister said she would have to divide herself in two, because she couldn’t leave Maggie and she wanted to go with me. But two ladies who were sitting there said they would sit with her and she could read her story-book. Maggie does read so many fairy stories, mama, but sister says she may, and I suppose it is all right. She is going to write to you and tell you how hard she is studying ; sister says we must both learn all the time so that we can be what you wanted us to be. But it is so lonesome, I do not want to study. I sleep in sister’s bed close to her now, and Maggie has the little bed near ours. Sister says when sister Nellie comes home she will let Maggie sleep with her. We have a new watering-pot and some new caladium bulbs



and I am going to name them for you. My big caladium is growing all over, and I wish you could see it. I wish I was down home, but brother and sister Nellie will be here soon and then I shall like it better. But I don't want the horses sold and my dog given away, and what will become of all the folks. You always said that you wanted them to stay there as long as you had the farm, and I don't know what Nellie will do with them. But sister writes her every day and she will tell her. Sister cried awful over Nellie's letters, and she wouldn't read them to Maggie and me. She said some time she would, and we must trust her now. When they come I am going to ask what she wrote to sister. Uncle Ira wrote sister that he would take me and bring me up if she would send me. I would not go, and sister wouldn't let me anyhow. She said she wondered if he expected to have her take her heart out of her body. I don't know Uncle Ira, and I don't want to, because he worried sister. Sometime I am going to be a big man, mama, and I want you to see me. I cry every night for you, and heard sister tell Miss Morse that it was dreadful to see the night come, but she aint afraid. She sits in your room often at night without a light, and sometimes she lies on your bed. She is going to buy me a new hat to-day. I wish you were here.'

(“CLEO'S LETTER TO HER MOTHER IN HEAVEN”).

“‘MOTHER: The sense of my loss is always upon me; at first it was like a dreadful dream; now it is a bitter reality. The earth has opened and taken your body, the

other world has become your spirit's home. We are to walk through the years without you, and pitiless and merciless is the silence. I recall every look of yours, every tone, and in times of utter despair I imagine I hear you softly saying, "Daughter! daughter!" in the old way, but it is only imagination: I start up and listen and all is still. Before me lies duty, stern and terrible, for the rearing and educating of these children is my work, and it will be done. Over the long road between this time and the end of my life, it will be my task to toil for these children and make them what you would have them. Can you not come back to me, mother, and indicate the best way for me? There will be times of great perplexity. If I can feel your presence near me I will be strong to do. But yesterday, it seems, since all was well with us, and now we are fatherless and motherless! Without you I feel bereft of everything, and if the angels can show you the way back, and you are permitted to come, make me feel your presence, mother! It will not make you so sad as you think, because I will have the children do just as well as they know how every day, and wherever we are we shall be as cheerful and hopeful as we can. As time passes the children will feel your loss less because they are so young and it is the way of children to live in the present. But, mother, you are sure to find an aching heart wherever I am, and a sadness that will never pass away. Come, then, to me at night-time or day-time, wherever I am, and guide me, mother. Guide me in the way that you traveled. You were always so calm, so just and kind to everyone. I never heard you speak a harsh word or show hostility, and your

heart was as tender as an opening flower. Mother, I shall never never cease to love you as now.' "

Cleo buried her face in her hands and wept. Her voice had become tremulous before she had finished reading Ernest's second letter and she had completed it and hers with an effort of will. Mona's eyes were dim with tears, and she had no word to express all the sympathy she felt for her friend, though she said, after a time :

"Do not give yourself pain to read more, Cleo; it is too severe a strain upon your feelings."

But Cleo soon recovered her control, and said she would like to read her sister's letters.

"This last one of mine that I have read you was written months after mother died, and has nothing of real interest in it; my sister's have."

"Yes, it has much of interest in it," answered Mona, "it has the ring of a strong, courageous nature, and you are not right to think that they are without interest. Read us your sister's letters if you can, Cleo: we will be glad to hear them."

Cleo read as follows :

(*"LETTER FROM CLEO'S SISTER*).

"*DEAR SISTER:*

"What induced you to let mother come here in this hot weather? I fear she will never leave again. She is not ill, but I feel so strangely anxious about her. The other day, three days before she came, and the very day she left you, I should say, I was sitting in the door of the kitchen, looking through the hall into the



yard beyond. I had a pan of peas on my lap and was shelling them, so my senses were about me, but what do you think I saw? *Slowly walking by, went our father!* His hat seemed to be pulled down over his eyes, and he did not look up. I rubbed my eyes, jumped up, and ran to the front door and on to the porch, and I looked in all directions, but could see no one. Rover (the dog) was rushing down the yard as if he was mad with fright, and he did not stop till he got into the field with the men. I went back to my seat and hurried with my task, thinking I had imagined the occurrence, and would not permit it to occur again. I worked on, and was just rising to put the peas in the kitchen, when, *there went father again!* I dropped everything and ran with all my might. He was gone when I got there. I looked in all directions and could see nothing. The chickens had gone from that part of the yard, and there was not anything to be seen. It troubled me strangely, but I was not in the least frightened. We have always had so many strange things happening in our family that I think nothing would frighten me that had no more substance than father seemed to have as he went by. He did not come again, but a neighbor did, and as he came up the lane I turned and went back to the kitchen.

“That was a strange visit from father, but I said in my heart “Father comes for a purpose; whatever it is I shall soon know.” And I am afraid it is all plain to me now. Yesterday I went to the front porch, and was straightening the chairs and dusting them, when *I saw father once more.* He came from the left side of the house and walked slowly and with his head a trifle

raised. I stared at him, and as he passed by me I could have reached over from the step on which I stood and touched his shoulder. He turned his head neither to the right nor the left, but I noticed that just as he had passed me he looked up the road intently and earnestly. Then he resumed his walk, and, as he turned the corner of the house he disappeared. I saw nothing that shocked me; he seemed a shadow, and just as natural as he ever did, only that he did not speak to me. What he was looking for I could not imagine, and when brother came in to dinner I told him of the vision, or whatever I ought to call it.

“Two hours after, a buggy came through the lane, and when it stopped, and I saw who its occupant was, I nearly fainted. It seemed to me that I could not have it so, though I would have been so glad to have seen mother anywhere else. But she was getting out, and I ran to her and greeted her as though I had expected her. How changed she was! She asked me if I was sick, and I told her no, only so surprised. She looked at me a moment and then walked into the house, saying that she was very tired. She is unnaturally quiet and seems not to take the interest in matters here that she has heretofore. Soon after she came she went to father's room, and stood looking at the bed a long time. I got her away and back into the kitchen, where Alice was baking. She asked me to have the room put in the same order it was when father died, and I am going to do it, though I wish there was not any furniture in it. She is surely going to be ill. Yet she says she is well. I fear her strange

calmness. She could not be aroused to express herself in the old way even about dear Ernie, and when I said to her "Mother, I wonder you did not bring him with you," she said it was best to leave him with Cleo. Brother looked at me in astonishment, and as soon as dinner was over he wrote a note to Dr. John, and asked him to come here on any pretense he chose and tell us what to think of mother. As soon as he comes and tells me I will repeat to you his opinion of her condition. She is so gentle that I feel as if I must put my arms around her and hold her forever; but I cannot look at her without thinking of father, and truly, dear sister, if I should see him beside her when I go into the room where she is sitting or lying down, I would not be one whit surprised. I shall not lose sight of her a moment, and if in my power I will get her to sleep in my room again to-night. She did not want to leave her old room last night, but I would not have the bed made until everything had been sunned another day, and she reluctantly let me control matters.

"Will add a postscript after the doctor comes."



## CHAPTER V.

### LETTERS TO THE DEAD—(*Continued.*)

- “Oh, bairn, when I am dead,  
How shall ye keep frae harm?  
What hand shall gie ye bread?  
What fire will keep ye warm?  
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me?”  
“O, mither, dinna dee!”
- “Oh, bairn, by night or day,  
I hear nae sound ava',  
But voices of winds that blow,  
And the voices of ghaists that say,  
Come awa'! Come awa'!  
The Lord that made the wind and made the sea,  
Is hard on my bairn and me,  
And I melt in his breath like snaw!”  
“O mither, dinna dee!”
- “O, bairn, it is but closing up the een,  
And lying down never to rise again,  
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen:  
There is nae pain!  
I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken why;  
My summer has gone by,  
And sweet were sleep but for the sake o'thee.”  
“O mither, dinna dee!”

*Robert Buchanan.*

“How touching,” said Mona; “what a beautiful spirit your mother had, Cleo! I do not wonder at your attachment for her. Can you read us the next one from

your sister? The particulars are exceedingly interesting."

"Yes, Mona, and that is all I can read. These letters waken old sorrows from their sleep and they come back with much of their former strength. There are some experiences that we never forget. It is not well that we should. Listen to this, if I can read it, and tell me, if you think a woman with such a memory as it is behind her could live happily and doubt a reunion beyond the grave. It is a continuation and conclusion of the one just read."

"MY DEAR SISTER:

"My letter may have surprised you, but it at least has prepared you for this one, which I am grieved to write on your account particularly, because I know how much depends on your busy brain and busier pen. Upon you devolves the money-getting for nearly all the children, and I reluctantly tell you news that will paralyze you for the time being and make you sad always.

"Mother is certainly going from us. She is not ill, does not complain, and is about the house, but is not interested in anything. She takes no notice of any one except brother and myself, and I do not permit any of the neighbors to see her. She begged that I would not ask her to see even old Aunt Sally, whom she always had a pleasant word for, and who hurried to her as soon as she learned she was here. Yesterday she went out in the front yard and sat watching the river a long time. I got uneasy and carelessly strolled all around the yard so that she might see me coming some time

before I reached the seat where she was sitting. She concluded that I was looking for eggs, and asked me if I saw any nests. I said "no," and sat down beside her. She looked almost radiant. Her face was brighter than I have seen it since we were children, and her manner was as graceful as it was years ago. I spoke of it, and said I should at once write and tell Cleo how much better she was looking.

" "She started and appealingly said : " Do not do so. I misled Cleo when I left her, and I cannot tell you how it troubles me ; but I did it for the best—I did it for the best."

" " "What did you do mother?"

" " "I did not tell her that I should never go back ; that is, to stay."

" "Then, looking up at the sky, that was clear and cloudless, she said :

" " "I asked her not to disturb my room until she heard from me, and she will know when she hears from you why I made that request. In the bureau are all my letters and papers and a farewell letter to her—my precious child. How could I tell her good-by? It would have broken her heart! She did not want me to start, as it was, and if she had known that I was going away to die, she would have kept me." I looked at her in amazement, sister, and she, seeing me crying, put her arms around me and kissed me, but seemed determined to control herself. She said she had much to say and could not talk to me if I sobbed. It was terrible to see the restraint she was putting upon herself and I determined to divert her mind if I could, so I proposed that she should walk with me.



““She yielded, saying “Poor child!” and we started slowly down the walk. She spoke of the place; said had father lived he would have made many improvements, and that for the children’s sake she wished he had. But for her own she was glad he went before her.

“““You children love me so, I cannot bear to go from you, yet I long to be at rest, daughter.”

“““But, mother,” I said, “you surely do not want to leave Ernie: he is so young and needs a mother’s love so much. He will grow up to be a noble man; do you not wish to see that time?”

“““Cleo will keep him near to her heart; she has always loved him best of all the younger children, and God will spare her to bring him up. He will spare her to help all of you, for she loves her sisters.”

“““She loves you, mother—worships you, and if you go from here it will kill her.”

“““It must not; it must not,” she cried out: “I could not die if I did not know that she was to be the mother of my children. Tell her I leave you all in her keeping, and when I am gone this thought will be my only comfort.”

“““She trembled violently and I said no more. When we reached the house I persuaded her to lie down and rest, and for a little time she did so. It was only to do as I wished; she soon sat up and called me to her and said: “I have too much to say to risk much delay. Get paper and pencil and sit beside me and take my last messages to my children.”

“““Sister that was the hardest task I have ever had given me in my life, and should I live a thousand years

nothing so bitter will come to me again. But I quickly obeyed, realizing that it was best to do so both for her sake and for the children, who would count every word precious that she uttered.

“‘ You always admired her self-command, but could you have seen her drooping head and the sharp spasm of pain that passed over her face as she looked up and saw that I was ready to do her bidding, it would have made you feel that hers indeed was a strong character. “Business first,” she said as she smiled faintly. “As your father made me his executor, I appoint you and your sister to act in this capacity, and you must send shortly for Mr. Graves and have him make this appointment legal and binding.” Then she dictated without hesitation the will I send you. “Terse and strong,” the lawyer said it was when he read it. She hesitated long before she dictated the clause relating to brother Ray, but she said, “It would be cowardly for me to spare my feelings as a mother. My son has been a sore disappointment to me, and I hold myself to blame for much of the willfulness and selfishness he has manifested. I should have known my duty better and been prepared for motherhood before taking upon myself its responsibilities. All that I can do now is to tell him in dying that I want him to make his character a nobler one, and to try to be the man my love would make him.” Then she stopped talking and I, looking up, saw two great tears roll slowly down her white cheeks. Her voice was firm, however, when she told me to write the words that condemned his course and denied him the place as her representative that, as the eldest son’s, should have been his. She seemed relieved when the will was

finished and she could speak of her children. It will always be a comfort to you, Cleo, to read the words addressed to you, but had you heard the tone in which she spoke of you and seen the agony that was depicted upon her face when she said in closing, "Oh, my child; my precious child; good-by, good-by." The effort was too much: she fainted, and when she was better I called for the girl to come in and we put her to bed. She said nothing until she was in bed, and then she asked me to conclude her message, "for there is no word of farewell to my little Maggie. Thank God," she said, "she will not realize all the misery that is often expressed in that word 'motherless.' Her sisters will shelter her from much that would be bitter, but she is defrauded of her dues in my early death. I feel sure that I have not lived just right when I die broken-hearted; not so early in life, but with so much work unfinished."

"It is not possible to tell you how impressive were her words. There was always a dignity about her and a thoughtfulness of utterance that made her words affect one more than almost any other person's in the world.

"The afternoon was almost over when I rose from my seat and put away the long notes I had taken, promising her that as soon as possible a copy should be sent to you—and one be given to each of the children. She then desired me to cut as much of her hair as I wished to take for us all and lifted herself in bed for me to do so. I could hardly see what I was doing, but I cut a small lock and she called me back and told me to take more. "I do not like the custom of giving hair as a keepsake, but I wish my children to have my hair, as they will desire it."



“ ‘She saw me fold the long tresses carefully and lay them in the drawer beside my notes and then she asked me the time. I told her it was five o’clock.

“ ‘ ‘I will try to last until to-morrow morning; until about ten. You will then have time enough to make your preparations to take the afternoon boat, and I wish you to do so. When you get to Raleigh telegraph your sister and notify your aunt of your coming with my body. Lay it beside your father’s and make as little trouble in your aunt’s house as possible. Lay me away quietly.’ ”

“ ‘I looked at her in amazement. It occurred to me that perhaps her mind was wandering and I should not obey her so literally. She divined it, evidently, for she almost immediately said : “Try to carry out my wishes, my child; they have been carefully considered. It will be as I say, and do not, and you must not, distrust yourself any more.”

“ ‘I left the room overcome, and sent in the girl until I could compose myself. She said “mother was looking towards the door as she went in, and was saying softly, ‘Poor child! poor child!’ ”

“ ‘Brother, who was no less anxious than I, though he realized not at all how near she was to the end, came in from town, and seeing my distress, I told him of all that had happened, and sent him in to see her. She had said she wished to talk to him alone, and I called the girl out of the room. She came up to me with an awe-struck countenance, and said : “Miss, she’s ’most an angel; she is talking to the angels in there. I heard her tell somebody she saw that it was so hard to leave her children, but she would soon be ready to go. Then

she called out sharp-like, as if she was in pain, and said, 'Help me to the end.' She is just like an angel, with her white face and her great big eyes looking straight before her."

"She did so look when I went in to her bedside. Poor Henry was sobbing and she was trying to hold his hand, but she was fast failing and her strength was going with every breath. She looked at me several times and I bent over her and said: "Mother what is it?"

"She struggled with herself a moment and then said: "I wish you all to know that I die believing that we shall all be together again, and tell Cleo if it is given me to come back to her I shall do so though I doubt if it is possible. I shall make myself known if I can come, and if she does not realize my presence I will still be near her. She must have faith to feel that it is all right, it is all right. Only keep your heart pure and the way will be bright."

"Mother, can I tell her that you feel that you can come back to her?" "Tell her, as I have said, and no more. She will trust her mother."

"This last sentence she repeated twice and then seemed to drop off into a doze. When she spoke some time after, it was in a clear voice, and you will be surprised when I tell you it was to speak of some of the notes I was writing down. I tried to keep every word she said, and when she was lying still I made a memorandum of what had just occurred. "Do not promise too much, Nellie; I will come back if I can, but I know it is a long journey and perhaps I may get back near enough to have her know me. But tell her that I will

come to her if I can come at all. She will be comforted with this."

"She then directed me to prepare everything before retiring for an early start, spoke of the neighbors she would like to stay in the house until our return, and asked me to begin by packing my clothing. She asked brother to send at once to town and have the arrangements made for taking her body. It was her last wish, she said, and the poor fellow took her hand in his, and kissing it repeatedly, said he would obey her. A note was written to the undertaker and he came about 10 o'clock. She asked who it was who was speaking to brother, and I told her, for it was impossible to evade her questions. She told me to bring him, and like a dumb animal I obeyed. He came into the room more amazed, if possible, than he was when he learned she was not dead. She asked me to leave the room, and she then gave him her orders and asked him to take her measurement. He did so and promised her faithfully that he would help us to have everything ready for us to go on the boat. Her strong desire seemed to be to avoid any possible delay that might prevent her being buried beside our father. She knew that the weather was warm, and that it might occasion us trouble to get her body to Raleigh if there was delay. When Mr. Grey came out of her room he was much affected. He said he did not know why we should grieve over that death-bed. "It makes me respect human nature as I never did before," was his remark, and then he said he would wish to die in the possession of all his faculties and with the courage she was



showing. "What is her disease," he asked me. "A broken heart," I answered.

"The night passed quickly, it seemed to me, mother being her own watcher and ours as well. She would not permit us both to sit up at the same time, and I do think she felt as if she was requiring too much to have us sit up because of the long journey before us. She asked for nothing but ice at times, and the doctor who came in and out of the room, said she was gradually failing and that the end would be painless. He doubted, he said, if she died as early in the day as she had predicted, and he added that if she wanted to stay she could thirty-six hours longer. I listened to him, but did not agree with him. It was certain to my mind that in her state she was more reliable than was he.

"Just at daylight the girl brought in a bowl of ice, and mother feebly spoke her name. She went up to the bedside and the dear voice whispered, "I thank you so much, Alice, for your kindness. You will not be forgotten."

"Several of the neighbors had come in by this time, and one was telling brother in a whisper that her son had gone on his horse to the lower landing fourteen miles below to see the captain of the boat and make arrangements beforehand for us. Brother said: "How good of him to do so," and mother asked me what was said to him. I told her and she smiled, and murmured, "It is so kind."

"At six o'clock a change came, and she asked me to straighten her out in bed and to lift her hand up to her head. I did so, wonderingly, and with difficulty

she told me to put her clothing, which I found all arranged just where she said it was, where I could easily get it, and to dress her with the help of Alice as speedily as possible. "I will close my eyes myself, and when I am gone take off my ring and give it to Cleo. It is hers." The words were uttered with great pain, and she had, as I saw, to make a hard effort; it hurt her to say them, and I made no reply. She spoke several times after, the last time to ask the hour. It was nine o'clock. She lay still; once calling my name, once brother's, and several times praying quietly. I heard her say, "My children—God keep them;" "how hard to leave them," and the last word that we understood was "Ernie."

"Just before she died, perhaps twenty minutes, she closed her eyes herself, with the hand that I had laid on the pillow for her, and tried to turn herself a trifle so as to be straight. I fixed her, and she lay perfectly quiet then until she died. It was five minutes past ten when the doctor said all was over, but I shall always think it was ten when she passed away. She breathed once or twice after but she was gone in spirit at the time she said she should go.

"After I had carried out her wishes to the last particular I lay down beside her wasted body and tried to collect my mind and think of everything she had said in the past few days and how much remained to be done to fulfill my promise to her. I never saw such a deathbed and I know it was a rare privilege to be with her. Such an unselfish, wonderful nature I never knew; and think of it, sister: she was our mother! is and will be always. Let that comfort you.

"I have written all that I am strong enough to add

now. The boat landed in front of the house out of respect to our dead and the captain and several of the hands came ashore, with our kind neighbor, who went down to the landing early in the morning. Friendly faces looked upon us as long as we could see the shore, and when the bend in the river shut them out from view I came to the stateroom, where I pen these last lines to you. Before you get it the telegraph will have informed you of our loss. I forgot to add that Friday in the night mother spoke to some one and brother looked up to see if I had entered. There was no one there, but she continued to speak and seemed rational. Several times she called our dead sister's name and said as though speaking to her: "You and papa want me, but think of those here—think of those here." She thought of us to the last, to the very last.'"

"That was a strange death-bed," Mona remarked, after Cleo had folded the letter and returned it to the envelope.

"It would not seem strange to you, Mona, if you had known her," answered Cleo. "She was the most intensely earnest and persistent person one meets in a lifetime. Her death was a shock to us, but not to her. The realization that she would not live long was the motive that led her to go home, and yet her love for us kept her with us just as long as possible. She had been ailing for a long time, and the doctor had said to me that he feared she would not recover. She grieved in silence, and struggled hard to hide it from me. I discovered that, but I did not discover her strong desire to die. After she had been gone some weeks I opened her papers and found several letters to her children,



written at various times, telling us why she preferred to die and how strongly she was willing death to come. The idea of being a dependant upon her children and in time of being helpless, led her to desire to go in the fulness of her powers and before the evil years came.

“She was a woman of great force of character, and where she thought herself right she was well-nigh invincible. Had she been happy she would have lived to old age; as she longed for death her health failed, and the effort she made, when ill and depressed, to reach her old home exhausted her entirely. The weather was debilitating, and the old place was terribly lonely to her in her low, nervous condition. My sister was sure that she felt an unmistakable premonition of the end, and went nearer to our family burying-ground so as to insure herself a grave beside father’s and my sister’s. Her affectional nature was the strongest I ever knew, and she was not separated from her dead by death; neither is she separated from us because we live away from her and under different conditions. You once thought my life very lonely, but not even after Ernest went to college did I feel as much so as you supposed. She was ever with me, is with me, and I feel at this moment as if she stood here beside me, her sweet, serious eyes upon me, her hand hovering over my head. Am I not rich in the possession of such a mother’s love?”

“Indeed you are, dear friend, and best of all, you are happy in it. There is about you a cheerfulness that delights all who know you, and there is also a great hopefulness, an uplifting spirit that is a blessing to others. Your life is the reverse of despondency.”

“ Why should I be morbid ? Every passing day sees me nearer the end, and the thought encourages me to do my best, be my best, so that I may be prepared for the blessed future, when I shall live with her. Let me read you, Edna Dean Proctor’s poem ‘ Forward,’ which expresses for me the thought that I cannot put into words. It is inspiring and refreshing as a mountain wind in summer time.” And taking up a magazine that lay beside her on the table, she read slowly and with much effect these beautiful verses :

“ Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,  
Linger not in the valley, bemoaning the day that is done.  
Climb the Eastern mountains and welcome the rosy skies—  
Never yet was the setting so fair as the rising sun!

“ Dear is the past ; its treasures we hold in our hearts for aye;  
Woe to the hand that would scatter one wreath of its garnered  
flowers;  
But larger blessing and honor will come with the waking day—  
Hail, then, To-morrow, nor tarry with Yesterday’s ghostly  
hours!

“ Mark how the Summers hasten through blossoming fields of  
June  
To the purple lanes of the vintage and levels of golden corn;  
‘ Splendors of life I lavish,’ runs Nature’s mystical rune,  
‘ For myriads press to follow, and the rarest are yet unborn.’

“ Think how eager the earth is, and every star that shines,  
To circle the grander spaces about God’s throne that be;  
Never the least moon loiters nor the largest sun declines—  
Forward they roll forever those glorious depths to see.

“ Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,  
Summers and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost thou repine?  
Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies—  
The joy of the boundless future—nay, God himself is thine!”

## CHAPTER VI.

### DREAMS.

"In deep sleep of night when drowsiness  
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial Siren's harmony,  
That sit upon the manifold spheres  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears;  
And turn the adamantine spindle round,  
On which the fate of God and Man is wound."

*Milton.*

"I have had a bad dream," said Professor Angus, when the friends were once more assembled about the familiar fireside. "I was trying to cross a river in a raging wind, and the night was dark and stormy. An occasional flash of vivid lightning revealed masses of foliage on the banks, but the bunches were of pitchy blackness. Something sad is to befall either myself or some friend."

"How glad I am to hear you reveal such a weakness!" exclaimed Una. "I have always found certain dreams betokened certain events, but never dared tell my best friend so. Have any others similar warnings?"

One by one reluctantly gave expression to their dread of bad dreams. To one, muddy water was premonitory of trouble; to another, the sight of a black



horse foretold disaster, and still another always dreaded to dream of a wedding, while all united in dismay at the remembrance of nocturnal encounters with snakes. Under the ripple of jest and laughter could be observed a current of earnestness which had its source in experiences which, in some cases, had never been divulged.

It was Cleo who first made full confession of her belief that dreams were frequently symbols of truths of which the dreamer was previously ignorant. "If there is an inner vision, belonging to the spirit which animates each one of us," she suggested, "or if, as we consider proved, mind can attract or influence mind, whether both are in this sphere of existence, or one has gone one step higher, to the next, why cannot impressions be made and received while the body is asleep?"

"It is susceptible of proof," replied Professor Angus. "If enough instances can be given, in which intelligence has been conveyed, or prophecies made which time has shown to be truthful, then we have no more right to doubt these subtle impressions than we have anything else well established. But it requires manifold testimony."

"What is manifold testimony?" returned Cleo. "I know scarcely a family that has not one or more 'dreamers' in it. If trust in the truth of warnings in dreams be superstition, then most of us are superstitious. How often in the Scriptures prophets speak of 'visions' of the night, and 'deep sleep fell upon me.' If such things occurred then, they may occur now, especially in fulfillment of the prophecy: 'Your young men shall dream dreams, and your old men shall see visions.' You, yourself, Professor Angus, are of Scotch stock,

and in your own family may be some corroboration of my position. Come, tell us about it!"

"In fact," he half reluctantly replied, "my mother was a dreamer and a seer. You know she came from Scotland when about sixteen years old; but you do not know, for she seldom speaks of it, that she is the granddaughter of the impoverished and unfortunate Lord G——. The gift of dreaming and seeing descended from her mother. Unfortunately for me," continued he, with a laugh, "it seems to follow the female line of descent. I have often heard her describe the marvelous occurrences which took place at C—— Castle, on the west coast. On the father's side there had been great recklessness and extravagance for several generations; at that time nothing was left but the entailed estate and that was fast going to ruin. Her grandfather and father were both dead, and there her mother, two sisters and herself lived in that seclusion and poverty which is so trying to a gentlewoman with daughters to rear and educate. Often and often have she and the old nurse, Elspeth, told me the strange scenes witnessed there. And she really believed, as did her mother before her, that those who had so recklessly wasted their inheritances, were compelled by the law of justice to return to the scenes which they had frequented during life. Among other things, she told of several occasions when, after all had retired to rest, and that small wing in which the little retinue lived (the only inhabitable portion of the once magnificent structure,) was silent as the grave, they would be awakened by the sound of carriages driving up the old roadway to the grand entrance. Rushing to the windows—children, nurse and

domestics, they would see ponderous vehicles approach the doorway, deposit their loads of gentlemen and ladies dressed in festal costumes of a by-gone date, then turn away and proceed toward the dilapidated stables. Footmen in livery, drivers, prancing steeds and cumbersome carriages, were apparently as substantial as anything in the world. Yet no hand lifted the huge knocker of the barred and bolted door, and no living foot crossed the threshold. It was only a spectral appearance, a weird reminder of the time when just such scenes were enacted on the self-same spot. Half an hour at a time these things were seen and heard, and not by one or two, but by all in the house, consisting of eight persons, and sometimes more than that."

"How long did these appearances continue?"

"I do not know. A distant relative assisted my grandmother and her daughters to come to America, and the old pile fell into the keeping of a collateral branch of the family. It has all been pulled down and rebuilt on a more modern and modest scale. When I go abroad in the spring, I shall visit it incognito, and learn all I can regarding its present condition. Let us hope those ghosts are laid."

"What a lesson!" exclaimed Mona. "It reminds me of what I was reading to-day, in regard to justice and love, in answer to the optimist. 'There is right and wrong in the world, and to hesitate to call each by its true name is to confound the distinctions of language and thought. Wrong existed, wrong exists; and our chief efforts are directed in making it right. How shall we do this? By love, guided by wisdom, which leads to justice. Will this be by force? Aye, by the



strongest, most relentless force in the world! If a planet swerve from its orbit, with what energy gravitation draws it in place, and with iron hands holds it fast and bends it to its will! So of the individual: when he swerves from the path of right, the force of love and justice must hold him fast, not with brutal strength of passions, but with firm intelligence, acting for a purpose. The most wretched criminal may be reclaimed—will be, in the ages of future life—but that is not saying his past is right, his crimes blessings, and his sins stepping stones to perfection. If men will not respect the rights of others they must be restrained, and the restraint must be exerted by force, though this force may be softened by love.’ Now, it does seem as if these things show that wrong-doing is followed by a train of remembrance from which death takes not the guilty sting, but which, rather, whips and scourges the actor and compels to reparation.”

“I am glad to testify to a brighter side to dreams,” was the report of Una. “My mother, too, was a dreamer, and always foretold by them either good fortune or disaster. I remember, when a child, that if mother had a particular dream we expected sickness. It was preceded by seeing the family physician in the house, which was hung with black. She lost three children at different periods; all of them slept in a nursery adjoining her room, and while each child was perfectly well she saw a small globe of fire appear above the head or couch of the one soon to pass away. After the first appearance, she knew what the ball portended and watched the little one with all a mother’s

devotion. But it was of no avail, they sickened and seemed hopeless from the first.

“But if mother foretold sorrow in the night-time, she also foretold happiness. A rosy sunrise and a blue sky were sure to be followed by something peculiarly agreeable. But one dream ‘capped the climax,’ as father said. He had quite a sum of money in an old purse lying back of a quantity of table linen in a drawer of the bureau of their bed-room. It had been the accumulation of two years’ patient and frugal labor, and a portion of it had been taken from the bank only the day before, to pay off a mortgage on some land, which would then be clear of all encumbrances.

“Father had put the purse in the drawer just before dinner, and then gone to the barn to see that everything was ready to start for the residence of the old gentleman—who had a hobby for hard cash and not for checks or drafts—after the noon-day meal. He had left the key in the drawer; it seemed perfectly safe to do so, as the house was secluded and no one but the family there.

“Dinner was eaten, the horses brought round to the door, and father went to the drawer to take out his hard-earned money.

“‘Mother, what have you done with my purse,’ he called out, in some alarm. Mother came running into the room, knowing as little about the purse as father did. The family were called together, but in vain. There was no clue whatever to the precious little package.

“It was a sad afternoon. Here were two years’ labor gone, and a hard old man to meet, who held father’s

note due the very next day. Mother went about silent and absorbed. She said afterward that she was praying, for she was devout, and prayer was her solace and refuge in time of trouble. Oh! I believe the spirits of the just made perfect, the angelic messengers who come and go on wings of tender mercy, to do the biddings of higher intelligences—when these accord with natural law—can sometimes think their thoughts into our brains, if I may so express it—impress us, if you choose, with their desires. Well, that night we went to bed sad and silent. Father knew not how to meet the morrow, but he did not murmur, nor did mother.

“But they were astir before light, calling us downstairs to an early breakfast. Dear mother bustled about cheerily, very unlike the down-cast woman of a few hours previous. Father, too, looked hopeful, and while we were eating he told us what it all meant.

“‘Your mother woke me up two hours ago,’ said he, ‘to tell me one of her dreams. Mother, tell the children what you saw.’ This was her story:

“‘I seemed to be outside the bed-room window, at a little distance from the house, when I saw S. approach.’ (Now, S. was a shiftless fellow, who worked at odd jobs among farmers, when he was not idling about and depending on his wife’s sewing. It was known that he would steal chickens; but nothing more serious had yet been charged to him. He lived in a two-room cottage a mile and a half distant. We did not know where he was working then, and none of us had seen him within ten days.) ‘He came from the



north-west, across lots, and going behind the house peered in cautiously at the bed-room window at the north. As we were all at work, I in the kitchen and dining-room, and you, father, and the boys at the barn south, the girls up-stairs in front, no one saw him. It seemed that as I looked at him, he carefully climbed in the open window, after pushing aside the curtain that fell over it, and crept like a cat to the bureau. He pulled out the drawer with the key in it, and, rummaging about, touched the purse, drew it out, and stuffed it into his pocket. It was only the work of a moment for him to climb out the way he came in and steal through the yard, in a line with the north side of the house, over the fence, and into the orchard out of sight. He then turned to the north-east, and hurried on till he reached Squire L.'s, where he was expected that day to do some work in repairing a barn. After he arrived there he was set to work by the squire, and being left alone, took out the purse—having looked at it in the orchard he knew the contents—and hid it in the corner of a brace over the great bin in the south-east corner. He did not dare take it home or move it from the brace, and there it is yet. I further dreamed that S. was to work there to-day again, and if the purse is not secured at once he will take the first opportunity to wrap it up and bury it until the excitement following the loss has blown over.'

"This was mother's story. 'Now,' said father, 'your mother's dreams have proved so true that I propose to act upon this. I shall take one of the boys with me, go around by the Center and get Sheriff T. and drive to Squire L.'s as fast as the horses will carry us. If it's

merely a dream, I can only be laughed at for my pains; but its a clue that it is clearly my duty to follow.'

"After breakfast, this programme was carried out. Father took James and the sheriff and proceeded to Squire L.'s just as the Squire was driving away somewhere. He took him and the sheriff one side and explained to them the theft and the dream. They were astonished enough, but Squire L. said the dream had proved so far true, that S. had agreed to repair his barn and was at work inside that very moment. The three men entered, took a ladder that rested against the bin, and Squire L. himself climbed up to the brace. S., who had been watching their movements, turned pale and started to run, but the sheriff was too quick, and caught hold of him. The squire put his hand in the hollow, took out the purse, and after coming down to the floor counted it in the presence of all and found no money missing.

"Father then turned to S. and accused him of taking it, just as mother had seen in her dream, and the fellow confessed it all to be true. He thought he had been watched and followed.

"The story made some sensation at the time, but it was a rural district, and things did not travel fast. One man came soon after, and insisted that mother should trace a stolen horse by her dreams, and another wanted tidings of a run-away son. But we seldom spoke of it, for it seemed to our parents a sacred, God-bestowed gift, above any vulgar uses or common purposes. They believed that if that money had not been honestly earned, every penny of it, she could never

have traced it. For mother's nature was pure and sweet and innocent as a babe's, and only holy thoughts could find lodgment in her brain. Now, you see why I believe in dreams."

"This reminds me," said Dr. Carolus, "of some remarkable dreams by members of Capt. James W——'s family,—he who met his death from a gun-shot wound in the first year of the war. This gallant officer's wife was prophetic in her dreams, and they became a matter of comment in the household. A few years previous to the war of the rebellion, Capt. W—— was commander of a bark then on a long voyage. His family had just taken possession of a new dwelling, and conversation occurred, just before retiring, in regard to first dreams coming true. That very night Mrs. W—— had a remarkable impression made upon her mind while yet in deep sleep. She saw her husband struggling in the waves, and clinging to the bottom of a small boat, which had been capsized a short distance from his vessel. Again and again other small boats put out from the vessel, but passed by without rescuing him and the sailor who was struggling in the water by his side. A third boat, she dreamed, picked up Capt. W——, after rescuing the exhausted sailor, and both were saved.

"Powerfully impressed by the startling dream, Mrs. W—— carefully noted the hour and the night when the vision occurred. On the return of her husband, he computed the difference in longitude and time between the residence of his family and the station at which his bark was anchored, and found that while this exciting scene was being pictured upon the brain



of his wife, it was an actual occurrence with him. While trying to land, his open boat was caught in the breakers and swamped, and it was only on the third trial that those on board his vessel were able to bring a row-boat through the high surf, near enough to rescue him."

"No more! no more!" laughingly exclaimed Una. "We shall all dream impossible things to-night. Let us hence and to a dreamless sleep."

"One only, and then we will separate," said Iris. "This dream of Garibaldi is extracted from the life of the hero by Guigoni, and is exactly as he himself related it:

"I was ill with rheumatism, and in the midst of the storm I fell asleep in my cabin, having lain down over the coverlid. In sleep I was transported to my native place, but instead of the heavenly air of Nice, where everything bore a smiling aspect, I found myself in the gloomy atmosphere of a cemetery. In the distance I perceived a melancholy procession of women carrying a bier, and they advanced slowly toward me. I felt a fatal presentiment, and struggled to approach the funeral train but could not move. I seemed to have a mountain upon my chest. The cortège reached the side of my couch, laid down the bier and vanished. I sought in vain to raise myself on my arms. I was under the terrible influence of a nightmare, and when I began to move and feel beside me the cold form of a corpse, and recognize my mother's blessed face, I was awake, but on my hand there remained the impression of an ice-cold hand. The mournful howling of the tempest and the groans of the poor Carmen, beaten

unmercifully against the shore, could not entirely dissipate the effects of my terrible dream. On that day, and in that hour, I lost my parent, the best of mothers.' ”

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE MENTAL TELEGRAPH.

"Their stretch invisible was for many a mile,  
Away o'er hills to the broad plains beyond,  
And through the sky all fathomless and blue."

It was the night for meeting again, and once more our friends gathered in the drawing-room of the old-fashioned house, which the hostesses had made so pleasant. There had been social and desultory conversation; one had recited Adelaide Proctor's "Lost Chord," another sang Phœbe Cary's hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and still another played in the half-darkened room two of those grand old compositions which have come down to us from inspired religious souls, who soared into lofty regions of sentiment through strains of noblest harmony.

Then silence fell like a gentle dream, and each one's fancy was borne on the wings of melody into a world of beauty, fashioned out of thought and feeling, and peopled with beings who glide like drifting clouds through the spacious halls of memory and imagination.

The Professor was the first to break the spell, beginning, in a low, clear tone, to repeat these lines :



" Silence is the heart of all things; sound the fluttering of its pulse,  
Which the fever and the spasm of the universe convulse,  
Every sound that breaks the silence only makes it more profound,

Like a crash of deafening thunder in the sweet, blue stillness,  
drowned;

Let thy soul walk softly in thee, as a saint in heaven unshod,  
For to be alone with silence, is to be alone with God."

"It is only in silence," he resumed, "I believe, that our minds really mirror the universe like a lake at rest. With sound and motion and unrest, it becomes like water stirred from its depths and broken into waves upon the surface; it can no longer reflect the blue heavens; it gives back only broken gleams of truth. That is why conventional and artificial lives tend always to wander farther and farther from that pure and simple sanity which sees the truth, and, seeing, loves. Healthy natures re-act against this tendency in time."

"And that reaction finds its extreme in a lawlessness, which in certain circles is called Bohemianism," said Cleo. "The trite saying is just, that truth lies between extremes."

The Professor resumed, "If we lived simple, teachable lives, I wonder if we should not be able to be in such rapport with the causes of important events affecting ourselves, our friends and society about us, that we should become prophetic? 'I feel something coming,' is a common saying among sensitive people, and there are few who have not had occasional forewarnings of events fraught with interest to some one near them."

"Why should it not be so?" asked Mona. "Mind

perceives mind, and sees causes operating to produce effects."

"Very true," said Dr. Carolus, "may there not be mental telegraphy, as well as mental perception of cause and effect?"

"There cannot be a doubt of it," responded the Professor. "Mental telegraphy preceded physical telegraphy, as all mental phenomena antedate their coarser visible phenomena; I discovered that in boyhood."

On being adjured to explain, he stated these facts:

"My brother Ambrose, two years my junior, seemed bound to me by some inexplicable tie. No accident happened to the one, that something unpleasant did not follow to the other. Once he was taken on a visit by my father and mother to the house of an uncle in the country while I was left at home to pursue my studies at school. One afternoon I felt a sudden pain in my left leg near the ankle, and my sympathy was called out for brother Ambrose. It seemed to me I could never wait to get home; the image of Ambrose suffering at a distance rose up before me until my heart seemed breaking. The boys rallied me on my sober face and silence, and on reaching home my elder sister inquired, in some alarm, if I were ill, on account of the pale and singular expression of my countenance. I denied that anything was the matter until toward night when I could bear it no longer. 'Anita,' I finally exclaimed, 'I must go to B. early to-morrow morning. Something has happened to Ambrose; he is sick, and needs aid. Then I described, as well as I knew how, the sudden pain and the strong impression of suffering on the part of my brother.

"In vain she laughed and expostulated: go I would and go I did, after a sleepless night. Taking the car early in the morning, I reached B. about noon, and never was so welcomed before. The previous afternoon Ambrose had fallen from the hay-mow in the barn, and both bones of his left leg had received a compound fracture near the ankle-joint. From the first the little fellow had begged piteously to see me; father and mother could not comfort him. Subject to opiates all the long night, he had tossed and moaned and called for Angus. Do you think I doubt there was a telegraph message sent from that little brain, quivering and racked with torture, to my own? The wires are invisible, but they are fine and strong enough to girdle the earth in thirty minutes.

" 'Well,' Ambrose cried out when he saw me, 'I knew you were coming, Bab'—his common name for brother—'I knew you were coming.' Throwing myself on the bed beside him, I clasped his head and drew it down to my shoulder, where he at once fell into a healthy slumber, and profuse perspiration appeared upon his forehead. The severe surgical fever that was threatened was averted, and he mended slowly but surely. I staid until he was able to be taken home, and the surgeon said my presence had been the turning point in favor of his recovery. He was a delicate little chap, and couldn't stand much. But he got well from that accident."

"Where is he now, Professor?" inquired some one.

"In that world where accidents are not possible, but from whence, I do hope, we may receive mental telegrams from those whom death cannot separate from us."



"Literature contains so many similar examples," remarked Dr. Carolus, "that we have no possible excuse for doubting this fact. There is a case in point which I know to be well established. Here it is. The writer is Emile Deschamps of Brussels, and the account was published soon afterward:

"In the month of February, 18—, I traveled in France. I arrived in a rich and great city, and I took a walk in front of the beautiful shops which abound in it. The rain began to fall; I entered an elegant gallery. All at once I stood motionless; I could not withdraw my eyes from the figure of a lovely young woman who was all alone behind an array of articles of ornament for sale. This young woman was very handsome; but it was not at all her beauty that enchained me. I know not what mysterious interest, what inexplicable bond held and mastered my whole being. It was a sympathy subtle and profound, free from any sensual alloy, but of irresistible force, as the unknown is in all things. I seemed pushed forward into the shop by some supernatural power. I purchased several little things, and, as I paid for them, said, "Thank you, Mademoiselle Sara." The young girl looked at me with an air of surprise. "It astonishes you," I continued, "that a stranger knows your name, but, if you will think for a moment of all your names, I will repeat them all to you. Do you think of them?" "Yes, monsieur," she replied, half smiling and half trembling. "Very well," I added, looking fixedly in her face, "you are called Sara Adele Benjamine N——?" "It is true," she replied; and after some minutes of surprise she began all at once to laugh, and I saw that she thought

I had obtained this information in the neighborhood, in order to amuse myself with it. But I knew very well that I had not till this moment known a word of it, and I was terrified at my own instantaneous divination.

““ The next and the next day I hastened to the handsome shop ; my divination was renewed at every instant. I begged of Sara to think of something without letting me know what it was ; and immediately I read on her countenance her thought not yet expressed. I requested her to write with a pencil some words which she should keep carefully concealed from me, and, after having looked at her for a minute, I, on my part, wrote down the same words in the same order. I read her thoughts as in an open book, but she could not in the slightest degree read mine ; but at the same time she imposed on me her ideas and her emotions. Let her think seriously on any subject, or let her repeat in her own mind the words of any writing, and instantly I was aware of the whole. The mystery lay betwixt her brain and mine, not betwixt my faculties of intuition and things material. Whatever it might be, there existed a *rappport* between us as intimate as it was pure.

““ One night I heard a loud voice crying to me, “ Sara is very ill ! ” I hastened to her ; a medical man was watching over her and expecting a crisis. That evening Sara had entered her lodgings in a burning fever ; she continued in a delirium all night ; the doctor took me aside and told me that he feared the worst result. From that apartment I saw the countenance of Sara clearly, and my intuition rising above my distress, I

said in a low voice, "Doctor, do you know with what images her fevered sleep is occupied? She believes that she is at this moment at the grand opera in Paris, where she indeed has never been, and a *danseuse* gathers, among other buds, some hemlock, and throwing it to her cries, 'That is for you.'"

"The physician thought I was delirious too; but some minutes afterwards the patient awoke heavily; and her first words were, 'Oh! how beautiful is the opera! but why did that handsome girl throw to me that hemlock?'" The doctor was stupefied with astonishment. A medicine containing hemlock was administered, and in some days Sara was well."

"How beautiful is such close and perfect sympathy!" exclaimed Iris at the close. "It is commonly known that two instruments, tuned to the same key and placed sufficiently near each other, are in such harmony that when one is struck the corresponding key in the other vibrates in unison. We seem to be such instruments."

"Only we do not all know it," said Cleo.

"We are too often sweet bells jangled out of tune," continued Mona; "were we keyed in harmony, we should, without doubt, feel all the rhythm throbbing through the universe."

"The music of the spheres' is not a myth, then?" said Cleo. "What a pity we have forgotten how to hear, like him,

'The great Pythagorus of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers as they smote  
The anvils with a different note,



Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.' "

"This sympathetic telegraphy," remarked Mona, "is often verified by things which occur in real life. Religious papers have lately been giving the statements of Bishop Bowman, who frankly tells this: While on a long voyage, he made it a practice to pray every morning and night for his absent wife. One evening he tried to pray for her, but could not. This worried him greatly. On the following morning he again tried to pray for Mrs. Bowman, but experienced the same difficulty as before. He wondered what had happened. Was he losing his senses? At length the thought occurred to him, 'My wife may be dead.' But this he considered improbable, as he had within a few days received a letter stating that she was in better health than for a long time. Finally, on arriving at port, he found a letter conveying the sad news that she was dead. She had expired on the very evening that he had found himself unable to pray for her on ship-board."

"Another example," continued Iris, "was noted during the mortal illness of ex-Governor Jewell, of Hartford. His old friend, ex-Governor Morgan, of New York, had preceded him in that mysterious journey to the other life, which all must take, and this fact was carefully concealed from Governor Jewell. But the sick man repeatedly inquired after his friend, and declared there was something the matter at the home of the latter, nor could he be persuaded to the con-

trary. To satisfy his persistent solicitude, telegrams were transmitted and shown to him, declaring that all was well with Governor Morgan. Still he maintained to the last, that something strange had happened to Governor Morgan. The mental telegraph could not falsify, however the material one might be manipulated."

"Let us retire and put our own delicate machines into good working order," exclaimed some one of the friends. "it will save postage and time spent in writing. How clumsy letters will seem when we can work our own batteries and take our own messages without even pen or paper!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A TRADITIONAL DREAM

"Dreams are embodiments of the great state to come. We dream what is about to happen."

The family sat around the library-table one evening when Iris, who had been making a long visit, was asked if she cared to tell us of the family dream that had been handed down so many years. All had repeatedly heard it referred to by both Iris and other old friends, but it had not been given in full, and this evening it was asked for. She complied, and this is the history she gave of it:

"My family," said Iris, "have a tradition as old as its founders, and familiar to us as a fact to-day. It is of a 'supernatural' warning, in case of approaching death, which the women of the house are given to receiving. We are French on the maternal side, and one of the brothers of a large family remained behind in France at the time of the Huguenotic hegira, and his descendants are still in sunny Burgundy and in other sections of the dear old land.

"The tradition is that whenever there is to be a death in the household they are warned by the same dream. They see a bunch of white grapes hanging over a wide, high brick wall. If it is a child whose death is typi-



fied, the bunch is small, and has some of its fruit green; and for an adult it is large and full, and lies along the top of the fence. If the person who is to go is old, the bunch of grapes has a withered appearance and hangs quite far over.

"We have the records unbroken for two hundred and odd years, and it has never failed. I well remember the first time I ever heard of the dream. Its potency I did not understand then, but I did afterwards. My mother had dreamed the fatal dream, and the alarm with which my father listened to and then expostulated with my mother for insisting upon its import, was what aroused my interest in it when very young. She evidently did not know that I was near, but I was hiding from my playmates behind the door of the room which they had just entered. I heard father say, 'Do not give the slightest anxiety to the dream, Mary; it is of no more consequence than any other dream.' Mother was naturally so gay and full of hope, that I was struck by her manner and the subdued look on her face. She shook her head mournfully and said that she indeed trusted that it would go from her, but that she did not doubt the significance of it.

"I managed to escape from my hiding-place without being seen by them, and I anxiously watched over my mother all day. She kept us about her more than usual, and seemed very quiet and in deep thought.

"Father returned home earlier than was his habit from the city, and he hurried into the house and asked me for her in an anxious tone. He went directly to her room, where she was lying down, and I noticed

that he was very silent during the evening. The next day we had company, and I remember it was very warm July weather, and in the afternoon, ice-cream was served to our guests. We sat out-doors, under the shade of the trees, eating it, and my brother, a great over-grown lad of sixteen, nearly six feet high, and a splendid looking fellow, insisted upon having more cream, and mother objected to his proposal; he had had enough. He said he was burning up with the heat, and he could eat a freezer full. Soon after he went off, and no notice was taken of his departure for some time, when some of our friends were about leaving, and he was asked for. He was reported as enjoying a swim in the creek. My mother sent a servant to tell him to come out of the water, and to her as quickly as possible.

"When brother came into the house she asked him what tempted him to do so unwise a thing as to go into the water after eating the cream?

"He answered that he was so warm he could not stand it, and she felt his hands and discovered that they were dry and hot, although he had just come out of the water. He was advised to go to bed, and an ice was made and carried to him. Mother, from the first, was greatly concerned about him, and at bed-time the entire family had caught and shared her anxiety.

"That was on Saturday night. He was taken very ill before day, and on Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock, he was dead. Brain-fever the doctors called the disease.

"A great deal was said about mother's dream at the time, and subsequently I learned from her of it and its

history. She thought it was useless, she said, to keep it from me, and added, that she had no doubt I would have it in coming time."

"Was it ever verified in your case?" asked Psyche. Professor said he was about to make the same inquiry.

"Indeed, yes," was her reply.

All were silent as the young girl buried her face in her hands as the sad memory recalled itself.

"It has never failed, and with each dream death has come, and there has been no death that there was not a dream to herald it."

"This is a very interesting case," said the Doctor, "and we must hear more of it. Tell us, if you can, Iris, to what did your family attribute the significance of the dream, and why should it have been grapes instead of any other fruit?"

"The significance of the dream in the first instance I do not know; but it was troublous times with the French Protestants in those days, and people in trouble put more stress upon dreams and omens than do the happy. The fact that it was grapes and not any other fruit, I always attributed to this, that my ancestors lived in a grape-growing country, and, I suppose, were interested in this industry. These are my own suppositions, but they are reasonable ones, and so I indulge them."

"And you say they have never failed?"

"So far as I know they have not. The tradition has been handed down in writing, and a great-uncle of mine, now living, has the records since the family came to this country, and he can name no instance



where the dream has not been a family institution or where it has ever failed. So far as my personal knowledge goes, it has never failed. In my mother's case it was always a fact that the dream was distinct and powerful to such a degree that she could tell about the age of the person it was intended for. She, I think, was very impressionable, and she thought much of her family traditions, and dwelt a great deal upon the subject of her kindred. I never saw a person in whom the love of family was stronger, and because she was somewhat disappointed in her marriage, and was the superior in character and attainments to her husband, she turned almost unconsciously to her own kindred, between whom and herself there was the deepest and most delightful affection entertained. The women of her family were remarkable. The family in France was an excellent one, and were gentlepeople by birth and wealth. The portrait of my great-great-grandmother, which has been given to me as the oldest daughter of my mother, is the likeness of a second Portia. She was ninety-four years old when she died, and was, up to within three years preceding her death, actively occupied with business affairs, and conducted her large farm most successfully. She was a fine horsewoman, and was often out visiting all parts of it in the early morning, long before others of the household were up. All her visits to her neighbors were on horseback. She said it gave her young blood to ride a spirited horse, and all kinds of vehicles tired her. Mother had her executive ability, but did not lead the same kind of a life, and so could not discover the same qualities. We are all healthy, back as

far as there is any record of the family. Morbidity did not appear until my day."

"You are not morbid, Iris—not in the least," said Mona.

"She will be, if that ancestral dream is allowed to haunt her," said the Doctor, who was, despite this remark, greatly interested in it.

Iris looked at him, and said good-naturedly that she preferred it should be her inheritance, as it was about all that had come down to her. "My mother once told me that I had the dream and the trees on the lawn to show that I was of good blood, for the dream was hundreds of years old, and the trees perhaps thousands. The trees have gone out of my possession, but the dream, I feel sure, will always remain. I should not believe in the reality of my own death if some of the family did not have a dream just before it," she laughingly added.

"Did not the dreams come to the person whose death was implied?"

"Not that I ever heard of. The dream always came to some one else in the same household. My mother foretold seven different deaths in our family, and in no instance was the dream more than a fortnight before the time of its occurrence. In the case of my brother, he was in perfect health, so far as we knew, when she had the fatal dream. It did not impress her that any one of her children would die, and yet when an uneasy feeling in regard to my brother oppressed her, she was inclined to think that he would be the one.

"In the case of my second brother, who died away

from home, she had an impression that she was going to have the dream, and became so unhappy that she made preparations to go to him, though he was two thousand miles from her. Father opposed the step, saying he was in good hands; but it was useless to tell her that he was well after that. She telegraphed to know his condition. He had consumption in a mild form, and the physicians had said he would live for a long time. The reply was, that he was not as well as usual. She started on the night train, and reached him two days before he died. The second night that she spent on the cars she saw in her dream a beautiful bunch of white grapes, which she said she saw her father cut off carefully with a pruning-knife and carry it away. The fact that he took off the bunch, she said, gave her great comfort, and it was the first and only time that she ever saw in her dream the grape bunch removed. I believe, however, that in the case of her mother a similar dream had come to her grandfather. He dreamt that he saw his dead wife walking under the vines in a large grapery, and that she looked steadily at him saying she was going to take what was her own. He looked in the same direction, and saw hanging over a high wall—which seemed to him to have grown there in the night—a perfect bunch of white grapes, shaded at the ends a trifle, indicating that the person they represented was young, but not a child. Grandmother was thirty, and it was she, their only child, who died within two months after this dream.”

“Where are the records of these dreams kept, Iris?”

“In family ‘dream-books,’ which each family guards as religiously as the Bible register. When the



family fled from France they could not bring their large Bibles with them, but they cut out their registries and brought them in their dream-books. The family settled at Mecklenburg, N. C., and there they drew up statements in legal form, and properly attested, regarding the genuineness of their family registry and dream-book, and included in their affidavits certain facts regarding their authenticity. The 'dream-book' in my immediate family is held by this greatuncle, to whom his children, nieces, nephews, and grandchildren, and every other relative report once a year, and if they have a dream, it is instantly written out and sent to him."

"And has it not made you all—I mean all who ever belonged to the family—superstitious and unhappy?" inquired Cleo.

"No: on the contrary, we are all proud of it, and long association with the idea has made us entirely reconciled to it. With many people, I know, it would be destructive; but our ancestry accustomed us to the idea, and there is a good deal of interest felt in us in our own community by people who have always lived near us and know this fact, to discover whether a death will occur unheralded. The dream is recorded the morning after it occurs, and word is at once sent to some reliable persons, so that in each instance the dream is made public, before the death occurs, to some one or more who are willing to sign the affidavits."

"That is the most singular circumstance in connection with dreams that I have yet heard," said the Doctor, "and I would be greatly pleased to see the records of the last fifty years or so."

“Those you can see, Doctor. I have the records of ninety years, and they will give you an idea of how remarkable a woman this great-grandmother of mine was. Her affidavits are numerous, for she was the most successful of all the dreamers in that length of time. But then she lived to so great an age, and had such an active mind, that it is not surprising. She had a record copied of the dreams made by the different members of the family in her lifetime, and sent it to the relatives in France. A copy of this record was given to my mother, and it is deposited in a safe place. If you will go with me there, you shall look it over every day, as long as you choose; but it is never to be kept over night by any one, or to be copied for any publication whatever, until the descendants of the family—one and all—give their written consent. I am sure this will never be done, because it would affect the social and business interests of us all. The world is not willing, and will not tolerate such a revelation of clairvoyance, necromancy, or whatever it might choose to be called. The only people who would accept this history of a dream at the high valuation it rightly deserves to have placed upon it, are some societies in India, composed of seers who devote their lives to the study of the mind and its possibilities, and have secured immense data on the subject. One of my day-dreams is this, that I may some day go to India, and take with me proofs of this fact; or, better still, go to the home of the family in France, and there dig up all the particulars of the family, and study it with these rational psychologists.”

“What a plum your dream-book would be for the

modern ghost-gossips and spirit drummers!" exclaimed Mona. "I should not let Doctor see that record, dear, for fear he will incautiously tell of it somewhere; and if they found out that, sitting here in this room some morning, you told us the dream that had come to you the night before, and which you desired us to make a note of, and the sequence, you would be heralded as a communer with spooks. No, Iris; put him under bonds of secrecy, and do it now, for there was a ring and some visitor is being ushered in."



## CHAPTER IX.

### AT A DISTANCE.

Thus the seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth,  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel,  
Turning for evermore,  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

*Longfellow.*

In accordance with her promise Psyche, the succeeding Sunday evening narrated some portions of her individual experience, as follows:

“My father, as you know, though a naturalist by profession, was greatly interested in psychological science. Through seeing some who were likewise given to the study unbalanced and erratic, I imbibed the most bitter prejudice against anything pertaining to curious mental phenomena. The shock of his sudden death greatly impaired my health, and neuralgia, which had been my heritage from early youth, increased until life

became a curse. For weeks at a time, perfect sleep was impossible ; during intense paroxysms of facial pain, I writhed in an agony to which the most powerful medicines brought no relief.

“One day, while we were visiting some Catholic friends, to try the efficacy of change of air and scene—so far to no effect—Dr. Carolus took my mother aside and begged to be allowed to make passes over my face and head. He was hopeful that the intense suffering he had witnessed could be at least alleviated. An old friend of my father, he had been kind to us, and in my distraction I consented to let him try to harmonize the flow of nerve-force by passes over the afflicted side. In a few moments the most delightful rest flowed over my tired senses, and I slumbered. It was far into the next morning when I awakened, with only a numb ache in place of the former thrilling torture. A few times more I submitted to the soothing passes, and neuralgia was a thing of the past. The recovery was so sudden and marked, that all who knew of my sickness marvelled at its cessation.

“Not long after, as the friend whom we were visiting and I sat in the gloaming, talking over the power of a healthy will to remove obstructions in nerve-currents and wondering to what extent it could be carried, it suddenly seemed as if an immense veil were let down before my vision, and all was dark as night. A moment I sat silent ; then it rolled up just like a drop-curtain in a theatre, and a lovely landscape stretched out before me. It was not like anything I had ever beheld—a grotto, with falling water and pillars of stalagmites, like some fairy scene, strange and beautiful. It soon

faded, and another came in its place, and then another. As my health was now excellent and I was taking no medicine, I marvelled greatly at these mental pictures. Soon afterward, on returning, multitudes of scenes unfolded like a panorama. While the outer eyes were closed, the inner vision was illuminated; distant objects were plainly visible, and faces, smiling or sad, deployed in slow procession before me. Some I knew to be living, others had joined the 'silent majority.' A few were beautiful or majestic, with helmets or fillets bound about their brows.

"Afterward, looking over some translations, I recognized in the pictures of Plato and Socrates those whom I had seen among others."

"I have known several such cases," said the Professor, "and studied long to reach the cause of their strange interior sight."

A chorus of voices begged for his explanation.

"I am pretty well satisfied," answered he, "that our atmosphere, which contains all the delicate chemical elements necessary, becomes sometimes like a vast photographic negative. On this is thrown the likeness of the scenes or persons whom our young friend, or those like her, have seen. This may be done by the will-power of some strong operating mind. What do you say to this Dr. Carolus?"

"I must think about it, though I confess it is the most tenable theory I have yet heard. Of one thing we may be sure: the will is the repository of all force, all good, all evil. When man learns how to use it, he becomes a king indeed. How long did this strange power of vision continue?" asked the Doctor.



“For some months; one figure appeared constantly. It was that of a young Indian maiden, who soon seemed to be able to make me hear as well as see her. She was slight, and exquisitely beautiful in form, with tapering limbs, and a lithe, swaying frame. Dressed in Indian style, with armlets and anklets, her garments of deer-skin gayly embroidered, and her long hair falling down her back, she was unlike anything I had ever imagined. I plainly heard her words: she persisted in calling herself Buttercup, and told me much about her former life on the banks of the Mississippi. You may call it hallucination: I only know that whenever opportunity for proof offered, Buttercup was always correct. She told me about distant friends; she warned me of dangers and troubles; she foretold joys and pleasant surprises. Against probability she was always true. I say *she*, for the vision may better take the name it claims than another. There was character, fun, quaintness, affection, shrewdness, and a startling view of prophecy in that which called itself Buttercup.

“In a few weeks there came the strongest impulse to write. After retiring, I would frequently rise and indite metaphysical discourses entirely above my ordinary understanding. At some times thoughts flowed through my brain with marvellous rapidity; at others, my hand would indite them mechanically. My understanding seemed opening to finer, higher truths relating to life here and hereafter. All teachings were of a morality so unimpeachable, when submitted to the severest scrutiny of conscience, that I could not but bow before their justice.

“Having been a member of the Episcopal Church

from early girlhood, and a bigoted one, it had seemed to me that communion held all measure of truth necessary for us to know. But I grew to believe that no church could limit Infinite Love or claim Infinite Wisdom.

"During this time our good friend here," turning to Dr. Carolus, with a smile, "had gone west to attend to some mining projects in which he had great interests involved. One night, sitting with my Catholic acquaintance, I saw not only the Doctor, but his entire surroundings. The mountain peaks, the rocks, jagged and rent by volcanic disturbances, the distant glimpses of the ocean, the dented outline of the coast, all passed before me. The Doctor's mind, according to my perception of the case, was directed to a wrong point in his search for precious metals. He was spending money and labor in vain.

"Buttercup appeared on the scene, full of gesticulation and interest. 'Write to brave, and tell him not to dig there,' she reiterated; 'I'll show you where he must look for ore.'

"Sure enough, I saw a point several hundred feet to the south-east, where a huge boulder had been cleft in twain. It was a rent, narrow and unpromising. At the bottom the moist, dark earth gave no token of metal, but my sight went deeper than the surface. Down, down I looked, where little glittering scales flecked the rocks. The Doctor had only looked for silver; I saw that, and gold as well.

"'Write to brave, write to-night,' said Buttercup, and, laughing at my own foolishness, I did write that very night. Doctor, will you tell the result?"

She ceased, and the Doctor took up the story.

"On receiving the letter, I was indeed amazed. Psyche's descriptions of the country, the scenery, soil, and trend of coast were absolutely faithful—more so than the report of the person who had first interested me in the mines.

"At once I set out for the south-east. We scrambled along over a frightfully rough pathway; it took me some time to reach the spot described, but once within sight it could not be mistaken. There was the huge boulder, parted by some convulsion of nature; between and beside was the moist, dark earth she had especially noted. Taking out my pocket measure, I found the width of the crevice to be just nine inches, as had been written.

"You may be certain I did not hesitate to abandon my first operations in order to start anew here. After many vexations the work was begun. You remember," said he, turning to the Professor, "the ore I showed you the other day? In that spot I struck not only silver, but in its immediate vicinity gold, just as she asserted." Taking from his pocket a package wrapped in soft paper, he exhibited small specimens of the rock, such as had been assayed and had given rich results.

"We are now beginning to work that mine, and are confident of its great richness. None but myself, though, know how it was found or by whom," continued he.

"How strange!" exclaimed Mona. "If mines can be located by the use of the inner vision, why is it not constantly done? Why are there any failures? And why cannot stock speculation be carried on in the same manner? If one can use it, others can."



"Precisely," replied Dr. Carolus. "That is a question I have often asked. Only a few investigators, I believe, have a real understanding of the laws governing clear-seeing. These consider it to be a high state of mental exaltation. It cannot be employed for any selfish, mercenary, or evil purpose, and keep strong and reliable. It then becomes clouded, and is finally lost. It must be preserved pure or not at all. We can see how little the world is yet prepared to profit by this wonderful faculty."

"And yet," said Cleo, "all have the same innate power to see truthfully. It is latent in us, though not developed in this crude world. I don't know that we need desire it: like Cassandra, we might only behold coming evil which we could not avert."

"Please resume your story, Psyche," said the Professor. In answer, she continued:

"Mother was very desirous of visiting some friends at a distance, but I had a strange wish to remain near New York. The country charmed and attracted me, and as June approached I felt as if I must flee to a spot which I had often seen in my dreams, as I called them. It was a leafy woodland bower, with the greenest of turf; near by a brown cottage, half hid among tall trees. There were honeysuckles clambering over long verandas, and a glimpse of water through over-arching shrubbery. By chance inquiry, I heard of a private family who lived near the city, in a pretty rural region, and the farmers round about occasionally took city boarders. Writing to the family, and giving a reference to the person who had informed me regarding the neighborhood, I went out to the place.

It was exactly as I had seen it—fresh and beautiful under a cloudless sky.

“The family had never intended to take boarders, and I was introduced to one or two neighbors who were glad to do so. I seemed so anxious to stay, however, that the house-mother agreed to let me remain for a couple of weeks. At the end of that time I was so much at home that there was no question of my going. That was the sister of Mona, here; and the relation between us all has become so familiar, that I call each of them, as well as Cleo, Auntie. While there, I had some curious examples of the power of the inner vision.

“I found that Mona’s sister, Una, the house-mother, had at times and under good conditions this power of the inner vision. We would separately see the same things, and describe them to one another. She saw the mine at which Dr. Carolus is at work, as well as the people, the mountain, and the vegetation. Once, when we were sitting quietly at nightfall, she received distinct impression of a little box, which was coming to me from the Doctor, wrapped in many folds and in a mail-bag. Measuring out its size with her hands, she declared it was on a steamer far out at sea. Expecting nothing of the kind, it was a surprise indeed, when the mail did bring me such a box the following week. Within were only two pieces of ore, which I was requested to examine in one of my clear-seeing periods.”

Dr. Carolus now took up the thread of the narrative.

“The first letter written by Psyche thereafter contained a vivid description of the exact location from which the specimens were taken, and positive

statements in regard to the richness of the lead. One was to be followed, and we have done so with marked success, so far. Her letters were filled, either with prophecies of what soon afterward came to pass, or with descriptions of what had passed. All were accurate.

"Do you think I would dare to misuse or selfishly apply anything I may gain through means of these expanded powers of my young friend? No: were I the basest man on earth I should hesitate long before doing anything which those truth-compelling eyes would look sadly upon. What an incentive to virtue they are!"

"To think," said Mona, turning to Psyche, "that you have concealed this from us all this while! How could you? We knew there was something distraught and silent about you at times, but could have guessed nothing of the facts. I wonder Una did not tell us."

"She was bound not to betray our curious experiences," replied the young lady. "She will only be astonished that I have divulged them now. We are safe among friends; the world at large must never know."

"The world at large," exclaimed Cleo, "probably knows more about such things than you conjecture. We shall soon know more about it, after our conferences."



## CHAPTER X.

### A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

I wait,  
Till in white Death's tranquillity  
Shall softly fall away from me  
This weary flesh's infirmity,  
That I in larger light may learn  
The larger truth I may discern,  
The larger love for which I yearn."

I wait,  
Till from my veiled brows shall fall  
This baffling cloud, this wearying thrall,  
Which holds me now from knowing all ;  
Until my spirit sight shall see  
Into all Being's mystery—  
See what it really is to be!

*Mary Clemmer.*

They were gathered by the fireside another winter evening: the same friends, and two or three more, congenial and entirely confidential. Mona's sister Una was among them: she had been persuaded to give her own story in exchange for that of others.

The two who were first introduced, Cleo and Mona, lived together in that intimate yet individualized friendship which is only rendered possible when both cherish a mutual respect amounting even to reverence. It requires some development to reach this point, for

little minds have not outgrown jealousy, suspicion, and a selfish desire to rule.

It has been the fashion to say that women are incapable of loyal friendship; that they can better trust men than trust each other. Those desperate women who nightly trail their hideous lures through the streets of every town and city give a mocking and ghastly retort to this falsehood. But the "tender sex" have been taught to reiterate, in parrot phrase, that they cannot depend on each other until some of them really believe so. They forget that they place themselves in the category of those whom they decry; that the love of woman for woman is pure as that of an angel, but that it partakes of the quality of her own unfoldment. If she be puerile and trivial, a domestic drudge, a doll, narrow and uninformed, or a public virago, enjoying notoriety and taking every means to attain it, she may indeed be incapable of aught but intense egoism. But give a true-hearted, clear-headed woman to herself, to her sacred intuitions, her gentle sweetness; let her be free to express her nobler aspirations, her love for "the true, the good, and the beautiful,"—then shall she become the purifier and conservator of public morals, the wise counsellor, the upright friend, the tender consoler.

The world has not hitherto been favorable to such a development: ignorance and sensualism on the part of too many of the masculine leaders of popular thought have kept her far below the level of her own true selfhood. She has not yet had the education, the opportunity, or the hereditary power—obtained through generations of ancestral habit—to declare what true

womanhood shall one day become. But we may be sure that then the earth shall approach its regeneration.

Cleo and Mona were friends in the true meaning of the word. They were capable of self-sacrifice, enthusiasm, heroism, if need be, each for the other. Having spent long years of life in weary literary labors together, they had built up a home, which became a magnet to all who knew them. It was considered a great favor to be invited to their special receptions. No adventurers were welcomed and presented to the innocent as gold instead of the cheapest of pinchbeck; no literary comets were chained, for the time being, to this little constellation, so that spectators might take them in the field of vision, when levelling their telescopes mockingly toward that quarter of the heavens and turn away to laugh at the cheap display. But the young and the old, the grave and the gay, the successful or the starving, who had real gold mingled with the native quartz, polished or unpolished, found cordial welcome in that pleasant house, that was indeed a home. And here it was that Una one night consented to tell something of her own inner vision, thus:

“I saw, after Psyche had been domiciled in our cottage at Baywood, that she too had the same strange power of the clear-sight, and saw it by that subtle consciousness which no words can express. You have all felt, have you not, when in a room filled with people, that a certain one among them was looking at you, and turning, confronted the gaze that had fixed your attention spite of yourself? Well, I have always been very sensitive to such things. From childhood I was



able to foretell the coming of a letter from a friend at a distance. From a few hours to a few days before it was brought from the office, the writer came to mind persistently and forcibly. It seems as if the strong atmosphere of the person was directed through space till it impressed itself upon my brain. Be that as it may, the fact is as I state."

"That is true," said Mona, "we always laughed at Una's predictions, but acted upon them. "I have known her to foretell the coming of friends, also."

"Psyche and I had singular impressions at the same time; this we observed after she had been with us a little while, and we then exchanged confidence in regard to these peculiarities. She seemed to have a peculiar faculty to read the physical and mental conditions of those who came into the house also. I did so under certain conditions, she all the time. We would both read character from handwriting by holding it between the palms of the hand or upon the forehead. But this was nothing strange, for we knew of such experiments by scientists from Reichenbach to Dr. Beard.

"I was stricken by a lingering and depressing malady, and then Psyche's powers became active. She not only told my symptoms, but declared the rather unusual cause of the illness, prescribed simple vegetable remedies, administered them herself, and saw me on my grateful way to health."

"Did you have no other physician?" asked Dr. Carolus.

"No, nor was any necessary. When I was sufficiently recovered, we were both in the city one Sun-

day, by way of change. Psyche's deeply religious nature had led her to regard this power of doing good to the afflicted as something from the Great Giver, which she must employ as a sacred trust. She wished to visit a certain church, in which one was to preach who believed in the 'faith-cure.' She had herself a severe headache, but, lifting up her soul in adoration and aspiration toward the source of all life and health, she felt the pain pass from her as by magic during the services. 'Oh that I might do good to others!' was the burden of her cry. If there were a healing, harmonizing atmosphere or aura emanating from one person which could assist in equalizing the nerve-flow in another, and so restore health, might not her strength be used to relieve pain in some poor sufferer?

"We retired about eleven o'clock that night, and I noticed that Psyche did not waken as usual in the morning, but lay in such perfect repose that I disliked to disturb her. It was only an hour before noon when, joining us in the parlor, she was rallied upon a somnolence of twelve hours.

"'I have been in heaven doing good,' was all the answer made, with her usual sweet seriousness. That was on the 25th of May. The succeeding morning, on arriving at Baywood, a letter came to Psyche which I have persuaded her to let me read to you.\*

"'DEL., May 25, 1882.

"'MY DEAR FRIEND: I write you this morning in fulfilment of the promise made you last night.

"'Your treatment has cured me, and I feel like a new

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\* The original is in possession of the author.

creature. I rose and dressed myself without pain; in fact, I never felt better in my life. Do you think this a strange letter? You may have still greater cause to do so after reading what I have to write.

““I have been sick nearly a week with a severe attack of rheumatism. It was with the greatest difficulty and pain that I managed to dress myself and reach my place of business. When once there, I could do but little beside giving directions to others.

““Yesterday every symptom grew worse. I was compelled to leave everything, make my way home, and take to my bed. I had no appetite, was in great pain, and could scarcely turn from side to side. While I lay there, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night,—whether asleep or awake I cannot yet decide,—I heard your voice. I thought I was in my place of business, which was full of people, when you led me aside and began making passes over my poor, suffering frame. It seemed as if these passes completely filled me with electricity, so that sparks emanated from my body and hands, until I remarked that I was all on fire. You did not reply, but continued making passes until all pain had disappeared.

““You then declared you must go home, and asked me to accompany you. I went out upon the side-walk and kept beside you for about two blocks, feeling light, happy and thankful that I was strong and well once more. It seemed to me that I was in the company of an angel rather than with an inhabitant of the earth.

““Suddenly I remembered my business and people who were waiting to see me, and, turning to you, said



I should have to return. You then asked me to write to you in the morning, a request to which I willingly acceded. I looked around, then glanced at you, but I was alone ; you had suddenly disappeared, and instead of being on the street or in the store, I was in my bed and wide-awake. There I lay for hours thinking it all over, full of happiness and wonder.

“ ‘I arose in the morning feeling perfectly relieved of rheumatism, dressed myself without a particle of pain, devoured a hearty breakfast, and went to my place of business as usual, whence, a hale and hearty man, I write you this. If I am ever sick again, I hope some kind angel will direct you to my bedside. . Mean-  
time I pray for your health and happiness.

“ ‘Most truly your friend,

" 'J. S—.' "

It is useless to transcribe the conversation that ensued, the re-reading of the strange letter, or the various hypotheses which were advanced in explanation. Professor Angus inquired if Psyche had any particular belief in the "faith-cure," or any knowledge of the lecturer.

“To both these questions I can answer no,” replied she; “I was merely affected by the desire to remove suffering, upon thinking how much there was in the world :

“And no particular interest in this special patient?” archly asked Dr. Carolus.

“No, not more interest than in a hundred other people whom I have seen a dozen times, and have not thought of for months. There was neither sentiment

nor romance in it, nor desire to help him especially, for I had no knowledge of his condition."

The Professor, who had remained plunged in a reverie since the reading of the letter, on being called upon for his explanation replied :

"According to all that I have been able to learn about this subject, there must be some magnetic sympathy existing between the two. I think it proven that there are three in one in human beings—a trinity, in fact. These are body, soul, and spirit. The nerve element is the connecting link between them. This, under certain conditions, in somnambulism, dreams, and in unconsciousness, may be projected to a distance, and so affect the consciousness of the person on whom it is fixed, that it shall seem to him the other person is before him. We must not forget that each brain is a magnetic battery, and that it is capable of sending out a powerful force into space, through that ether which is probably the most refined matter we have, outside of nerve-matter. We know that if the connection between soul and body is entirely severed, death must follow, but the magnetic nerve force can act at a distance."

"How do you distinguish body, soul, and spirit?"

"Of the first we have ocular proof: spirit is the innermost, the divine, the never-ending. Soul connects the two, and is really the covering of the immortal spark of Deific light and love."

"I think," said Iris, "that those who have such powers are witches—just such as lived to be tortured by the Puritans. It is well you and your kin, Psyche, came upon the stage in the nineteenth century instead

of the seventeenth. I don't know about such nocturnal visitations, galloping about, without even a broomstick for a seat."

"Very likely," said Cleo, following the line of thought, "some of those very witches did possess similar powers, only the impulsion was imputed to the spirit of evil instead of the spirit of good."

"Cannot evil as well as good be the impelling power?" asked Iris. "I have often thought that hatred or malevolence must injure the person toward whom it is directed, while love and good-will surely carry their blessings."

"As evil is only perverted or misdirected good, it cannot be as potent, else the tendency of things would be downward instead of upward."

"The physician," interrupted Dr. Carolus, "always counts on the natural tendency of the frame toward health. That is the normal condition of all beings; just so the aim of all is toward perfection. So it must be that evil wishes hold within themselves the blight which shall be their destruction."

"That may be, but, however innocent, I should much dislike to fall under the suspicion and censure of a great body of people. I am sure the very air would be poisoned for me. Look at the condition of those who have violated great trusts, like Benedict Arnold and others. Hatred must have stung them like wasps wherever they went. The psychology of those who will evil is strong enough, but the psychology of those who will good is far stronger."

"I for one," said Cleo, "would like to see the experiment of a hundred positive people trying to con-



centrate their wills upon some grand purpose. It does seem as if they might deflect the Great Eastern from her course in the high sea, or, what is better, turn a soul now bent toward wickedness into the path that leads to righteousness," remarked Iris.

"That is exactly what you do see in the prayers of the church," observed Mona, "as well as in prayer-cures and faith-cures. It is the united action of many wills upon one individual, and there is no miracle in the result."

At this point Mona took from the table a book and read as follows:

"O my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the centre of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature that we prosper when we accept its advice, and when we struggle to wound its creatures, our hands are glued to our sides or they beat our own breasts. . . . Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom, which animates all whom it floats, and you are without effort impelled to truth, to right, and a perfect contentment. . . . Beauty should be the dowry of every man and woman as invariably as sensation; but it is rare. Health or sound organization should be universal. The disease and deformity around us certify the infraction of natural, intellectual, and moral laws, and often violation on violation to breed such compound misery.'"

## CHAPTER XI.

### OUR WORKS DO FOLLOW US.

#### UNSEEN INMATES.

All houses wherein men have lived and died  
Are haunted-houses. Through the open door  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the floor.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,  
Along the passages they come and go,  
Impalpable impressions on the air,  
A sense of something moving to and fro.

The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense,  
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

*Longfellow.*

If the soul shall have departed from the body polluted and impure in consequence of its subservience and attachment to this, and by its desires and pleasures so far as to imagine there is nothing real except what is corporeal, which one may touch and see, eat and drink, and make use of for sensual purposes . . . think you that a soul which is so disposed would be likely to depart independent and uncomminated?—*Plato.*

“I have a strange story to tell you all,” said Cleo, on an evening succeeding that which has been described. “Most of you know Miss Lisa, who teaches in the public school on —th Street? Well, I spent a

part of yesterday with her and her mother, and heard the queerest thing imaginable. At some stir, some rustle on the stairs and in the hall, as we three sat talking in the back parlor, I involuntarily looked out the door and up the staircase to see who was coming down. With some embarrassment, Miss Lisa rose and shut the door, while she and her mother glanced at each other in a confused manner.

"My curiosity became excited, and as soon as the conversation could be turned into another channel, I begged to be informed, as an old friend, why they closed the door and seemed to wish to conceal something from me. I knew them too well to think that there was any skeleton hidden in the united little household, or I should not have taken such liberty. On saying as much, the elder woman remarked :

" ' Ah ! I wish as much could be said of our predecessors in this house ! ' "

"Of course there was no restraining my questions after that. They told me this story, which, on the condition of the secrecy of all, I have the liberty to repeat here.

"Soon after moving into the neat little three-story house which is occupied by the two mentioned, a single brother and a married sister and her husband, the family became aware of strange movements in various parts of the house, generally in the hall, on the staircase, or in the room directly over the front parlor. A slow, measured tread would be heard going up the stairs, and then in the chamber, though the door might be locked and the key taken out. This was done after they became assured that none of the



household were moving about. At first they laughingly accused each other of restlessness and even of sleep-walking, but all grew to be convinced that the invisible walker was none of themselves.

"They began to lay traps for the practical joker; they hung cords across the halls above and below, they watched and waited for hours, as they sat at work facing the hall. But though they saw nothing, the noise continued. It was *growsome*, said Miss Lisa, to sit and stare into space, with nothing visible but the familiar furnishings that had been in their possession so long, and hear the creak of the stairs, the steady tread, and the long, slow step in the hall above. Watching seemed rather to increase than diminish the frequency of these sounds, but none of the family were nervous, imaginative, or superstitious, while all determined to probe the matter to the bottom.

"By this time the noises extended into the front chamber, which was used both as a spare bed-chamber and a sitting-room. Locking the door did not secure it from intrusion; up and down, up and down, that steady stride continued. Chairs were apparently moved, bureau drawers pulled out, and various movements betokening occupancy by some person who seemed perfectly at home. But, though one listened outside the door, and, hearing it all, opened it quickly and noiselessly, nothing was changed from its accustomed order, and no one was in the room.

"Soon after this was settled a new thing occurred. Miss Lisa caught sight, one morning, of a little old bent man going up the stairs, with his hand on the rail. She hurried up to intercept him, when suddenly

the figure disappeared as she was almost ready to touch him. He had faded like 'the baseless fabric of a dream.' She had wit enough, though sorely astounded, to keep still, not even telling her mother what she had seen.

"The next evening there was a great outcry in the hall. The young son and brother in the family had seen the old man, and given chase with the result of losing sight of him altogether. He was not frightened; he was simply angry. 'What's that old fellow poking about the house for,' screamed he, 'and who is he anyway?' No one could understand what he meant but Miss Lisa, and she prudently remained silent. The others were startled, and perplexed, but, as they were all healthily constituted, the occurrence did not disturb them much.

"In a day or two Emile met the old man on the stairs: he looked at the strange creature clad in dark clothes, a high old-fashioned stock about his neck, and a black skull-cap upon his head, fringed about with a few straggling gray hairs. The young man fixed his eye upon the other with what was meant to be withering inquiry; but the elder did not look up at all. As they approached each other till only the space of a yard intervened, lo! there was no old man. The wraith had vanished!

"To describe the amazement of Emile is simply impossible. He rushed into the dining-room and told his mother and sister all that he had seen. Still the latter did not betray the fact that she had witnessed the same appearance.

"After that he was frequently seen by these two,

and Miss Lisa finally told her brother that she plainly saw the same person, dressed exactly as he had described. They two agreed upon a certain course of behavior, for, strange as it may seem, the other members of the family while hearing the noises saw no one at any time.

"Soon after the two were sitting together in the half-darkened parlor, in the early evening, when both heard and saw the old man descending the stairs with his hand upon the banisters. They sat still, but Miss Lisa addressing him kindly and gently, asked what he wanted, and why he wandered up and down the house.

"The wraith looked up quickly, raised his hands upward as if imploring or invoking some higher power, and vanished. He appeared no more for some time, and the noises decreased, but did not entirely disappear. Meantime the family took pains to make inquiries regarding the former occupant of the dwelling, and their astonishment may be imagined when the appearance of the former owner was found to be identical with that of their unconventional visitor. The size, age, garb, skullcap, all were such as had been seen repeatedly by the two who alone seemed capable of plainly perceiving his presence.

"They also learned much of his unhappy life, which had only recently ended, and which it is not necessary to repeat here. He was unkind and tyrannical to his wife and stern to his two boys, the only children of the household. The latter finally stole a sum of money from their father's room, and fled, never to return. After that he was harder, moodier, bitterer than before,



and seldom left the house. Restless as a caged animal, he paced up and down, to and fro, sometimes muttering and raising hands and eyes to heaven, as if in appeal or malediction. And so he spent the last five years of his life a pitiful spectacle, animated only by disappointment and hatred. Death could not at once change his fixed feelings, all was darkness as before; and no attraction seemed strong enough to take him from the spot where he had withered and shrivelled during so many years.

“A great feeling of pity took possession of the cheerful, warm-hearted Miss Lisa. She had never believed in the return of the departed, and her well-balanced nature was averse to thinking it possible that a spirit could thus be chained to its earthly tenement by a perverted nature. But here was one, whom she saw almost daily. She determined to speak to the unhappy shade, and did so. She gently said that it was wrong to cherish such feelings, that he was now in a condition to seek light, to go among the good and helpful of his kind, and not remain about the old place which was no longer his home. ‘The good God will help you,’ said she, ‘to see beauty and feel love, to do good and enjoy all that is lovely and noble. If you only forsake your bitterness and ask for strength and wisdom, you will be helped and blessed, and led into pure joys and ways of pleasantness and peace.’ And the shade paused and listened with downcast head, and the second time she spoke he wrung his hands and slowly turned away. She was encouraged, particularly as he came much less often, and during the last week they had seen him but once. Then he held his head higher, and there was a

pleasant look upon his face, a look of peace and comfort ; and Miss Lisa really believes that he is growing, that his feet have taken the upward path, and that soon he will bid farewell to the old house which for so long has been his prison. When the noises occurred in my presence there was no appearance of the old gentleman, and they believe he will seldom be seen again."

"Upon my word, a most remarkable story," was the first exclamation of Dr. Carolus. "Were it not told by two reputable witnesses and vouched for by others, I should take it for the work of some hysterical imagination. And yet there is not a sign of hysteria or fancy about it. The appearance of an elderly person whom none of the family had ever seen 'or heard of, in the most unexpected ways and places, and to a number of people, is something not to be ignored, especially when exactly such a person and with such habits did live in that house."

"The story reminds me," said Professor Angus, "of those accounts of strange occurrences which took place in the Wesley family." Going to a bookcase, he took down a volume of the Life of John Wesley, and selected these paragraphs from the very words of that famous Methodist pioneer :

"The next evening between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room, reading, heard as it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her, then to the door, then round again ; but she could see nothing. She thought, "It would signify nothing to run away ;



for whatever it is, it can run faster than me." So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away.

"A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting, as usual, between nine and ten to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her; then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his candle, and got to bed as fast as possible."

"What a terrible thing it is," said Mona, "to live a life of crabbed hatefulness, and then be compelled by the law of justice to remain on the spot until penitence and humanity have gained sway!"

"The dice of God are always loaded," continued Cleo. "A great philosopher uttered no truer words than these: 'Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, in silence and certainty. The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime and the earth is made of glass.'"

Mona here took up the word.

"And the same philosopher presents the sunny side of the picture in this way: 'On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. The good man has absolute



good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm ; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon when he approached, cast down their colors, and from enemies became friends ; so disasters of all kinds, sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors :

“ ‘ Winds blow and waters roll  
Strength to the brave, and power and deity,  
Yet in themselves are nothing.’ ”

## CHAPTER XII.

### WARNINGS AND PRESENTIMENTS.

Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress trees,  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned in hours of faith  
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever Lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own!

*Whittier.*

"If dreams contain prophecies and forebodings, why do not also our waking moments, our day-dreams," asked Dr. Carolus the following Sabbath evening.

"They most surely do," replied Una. "I have a cousin Genia, a lady in private life, who foretells at some times and for some purposes remarkably. Before the Bulgarian war was threatened she saw and described it, and also the new divisions of that portion of Europe. Later, she was impressed with strange forebodings before the blow which caused the death of Garfield. For three days a depression followed every waking moment. Finally she said to her husband, 'Mark my words, some sudden catastrophe is to cause the death of a prominent man very soon. It will occur either on or near some railway or steamer, and whole cities will be convulsed. I can't tell who

he is, but he is connected with momentous interests, and multitudes of people will be plunged into mourning.' She described his characteristic features, both of mind and body, but could not tell who it was.

"After he was stricken, it will be remembered there were times when the whole country rejoiced over the hope of his recovery. This lady never did.\* She always said, 'I saw him dying, dead. I do not believe he will ever rise from that sick couch.' She has frequent prophetic glimpses of things so unexpected and extraordinary, that it is with reluctance that she relates such impressions to some intimate friend; months afterward they become actual facts. It is not a gift which she sought or cherished, but which she religiously respects."

"What is her theory respecting it?"

"Merely that her mind sees causes in operation which must produce certain effects (which may be assisted by the psychologic action of minds in that sphere where causes are more plainly discerned than they are here). For instance, the plan to assassinate Garfield existed for some time in the brain of his murderer, and the spirit of the sensitive perceived the purpose of Guiteau. Just so with other circumstances which are foretold."

"And I," said Iris, "remember several cases where pleasant as well as unpleasant events have been felt beforehand. One of my neighbors in —th Street,

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\* This same lady foresaw a panic which would result in great suffering and loss of life some weeks before the Brooklyn Bridge disaster, and sent word to a friend in Brooklyn to keep her son out of all crowds for some time to come.



a most lovely, refined woman, has often told me about her first meeting with her husband. She had from childhood often dreamed of the man whom she knew she should marry. She always saw him sitting with a kind of smoking-cap upon his head, underneath which flowed a profusion of dark-brown hair, and he seemed to be intently regarding something directly in front of him. At times he would stand with folded arms and gaze into her eyes, with all his soul in them, as she expressed herself. There was a strange, yearning sympathy between them; she knew that such a person existed, and that he alone was her real soul-companion. When any young gentleman of her acquaintance made advances, she mentally compared him with her dream-youth, and instinctively repelled him.

“The years flew away. One day with a party of young friends she made a visit to a studio-building, and while there entered the rooms of a young artist. Sitting before his easel, opposite the door, was the young man of her dreams, with a smoking-cap above his dark, clustering locks. He started up as the gay group entered, but kept his eye fixed upon the dream-lady, who in return gazed silently at him. It was some little time before either could speak after a general introduction, and the others noted and commented on their mutual embarrassment and surprise. They were married a few months afterward, and now comes the surprising part of the story. The young artist had had precisely similar dreams from early youth, in which the maiden-dreamer was the ideal woman.”

“As long as I knew them they were remarkably happy together, and so sympathetic that each could

feel, in absence, the mental condition and physical health of the other."

"A charming story," laughed Cleo. "A pity that we are not all born dreamers. I am sorry to follow it by a sad narrative, but it is true, and illustrative of the inner vision as well as premonition. You remember a horrible murder which occurred in —d Street, New York, in which a most estimable lady was the victim. A few weeks prior to the tragedy perhaps fifteen ladies met in the home which afterward became the theatre of the calamity, all members of a private literary society. They were gathered in the back parlor, the very room from which the jewelry was stolen and which opened into the sleeping-room of the hostess. Among those gathered for the reading and discussion of papers was an elderly lady living a little out of the city, who was not intimately known to any present, and who had never visited the house before that afternoon. She is an educated, refined gentlewoman, knowing little or nothing of this faculty of clear vision or of prophecy.

"As the others were taking leave, this lady lingered a little behind them to admire the bric-a-brac and Japanese curios which profusely adorned the elegant drawing-room, as well as to chat with the hostess. 'Come and see me when you like,' said the latter, 'and look at these things at your leisure.' 'I will,' replied the visitor; when instantly, as she described it, a distinct voice, or a strong mental impression that seemed such, rang through her brain, saying, 'You will not! Before you can come again she will be murdered.' Indescribably shocked, the visitor hurriedly



made her adieux, staggered down the steps, and hastened away, half convinced that she was becoming the victim of a strange hallucination ; nor had she recovered from the awe and fear that came upon her then when the papers gave confirmation of the truth of the dread forewarning.

“ Other persons friendly to the unfortunate lady received distinct intimations on the evening preceding the crime that an awful horror was in the air, and working mischief to some person with whom their sympathies were entwined. These I am not at liberty to divulge. Now, Professor Angus, if there was influence strong enough to make the impression of danger, why not strong enough to prevent it? And if mind could see or feel that which impended, why not see or feel enough to avoid the murder?”

“ You ask hard questions, my friend. The fiendish plot of the assassin waited for days or weeks beforehand, only waiting for a fitting occasion to become actual. These malignant thoughts were real entities, and their wicked power was felt by those who came near the person to whom they were sent from the brain of the murderer. But the impression was not strong enough to do anything more than give a vague unrest, a warning of coming danger.”

“ Much that seems unaccountable and mysterious,” said Mona, “ is only rendered so by our ignorance. In the present state of society we cannot avert the consequences if we neglect every means of protection within our power. If we were more harmonious would not our intuitions be more delicate in detecting disturbances in that interior atmosphere or Etherium through



which all thought pulsates? Then could not the approach of evil be discerned while yet far off, and so guarded against? In the present disjointed and imperfect condition of our earth this is impossible, but it may not be so in that future development toward which we are inevitably tending."

"I have a vivid remembrance of a warning which came to a neighbor of ours in Pennsylvania," said Iris. "He was about to start on a long journey to the west, and the day and the train for starting were fixed, when a curious repugnance to take that train came over him. He was not a man to give way to moods, and sedulously fought against his feelings. On the day preceding that on which he was to leave, the dread of going grew more strong. He had been writing some letters at his desk, and sat thinking over the business he was about to leave. Suddenly, his hand began to move without volition or at first consciousness on his part. Looking down, he observed it travelling over the paper, and sat watching it with a curious eye. The marks began at the right-hand side of the paper, made a straight line, then curving sharply to the left, returned nearly parallel to the first mark, and ended where it began, the hand never once leaving the paper. There lay before him a perfect sickle, and he knew its meaning. 'There is a sickle whose name is Death,' flashed upon his memory, and he felt the figure upon the sheet was a warning. He did not take the train the next morning, and at night the wires flashed back news of a terrible disaster, which caused the death of many passengers and carried anguish into many families. He had been saved by this remarkable monition."

Each one followed with some similar account. Psyche related this:

"I have often heard Conductor G., on a certain railway, describe this circumstance: 'I was one pleasant summer day on a train running over my route, which was over a long, level stretch of country. As usual at that point,—as the stations were far apart, and the road straight and smooth,—I took my seat near the front end of the forward car. I had not been seated long when a voice sounded in my ear, "Go to the rear car." I started up and looked about. There was no one within several seats of me. Resuming my position, I forgot the circumstance, when again the voice clear and emphatic, "Go to the rear!" I looked around, saw no one had moved, and did not rise. In a few moments that authoritative voice rang out, "Go to the rear." This time I obeyed, and had no sooner entered the car behind that in which I had been seated, than a fearful crash and jolt threw me from my feet. We were dragged along a little distance before the train could be stopped, when I hurried forward. An axle had broken directly under the place I had just left, and all the forward portion of that car had been broken in pieces. I could not possibly have escaped death had I remained in my seat two minutes longer. The passengers were shaken and bruised, but they were so far back as to escape any very serious injury. That was the first and last time I received such a warning.'"

"You remind me," said Cleo, "of a case in which the person receiving such warning disregarded it, to the life-long sorrow of her friends. On the eve of her departure to Europe, on one of the fastest and best



steamers of a popular line, she was seized with terror at the thought of going by that vessel. Her preparations for the voyage she had so much anticipated were as solemn as though she were taking a last earthly leave of all she loved. She was rallied in vain. She could not shake off the unaccountable depression, and expressed herself as under the shadow of an impending calamity. Nothing but the fear of being called cowardly prevented her abandoning the trip at the last moment.

"A short distance out of port a collision occurred during a fog, and the mighty steamer, torn by the hull of another, went down with many of her passengers and crew. Among the lost was the young lady whose fate had been foreshadowed to herself."

"May the time soon come!" exclaimed Mona, "when we shall be as ready to obey these monitions as we are now to hear them related. The soul that sees events which may seriously affect its earthly career ought to be wise enough to avert possible disaster and suffering."

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," answered Professor Angus. "It is always easier to perceive than to do, and no doubt we stifle and blunt our intuitions by ignoring them altogether, through fear of being superstitious."



## CHAPTER XIII.

### TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

And oh, belovèd voices, upon which  
Ours passionately call, because, ere long  
Ye brake off in the middle of that song  
We sang together softly, to enrich  
The poor world with a sense of love, and witch  
The heart out of things evil—I am strong—  
Knowing ye are not lost for aye, among  
The hills; with last year's thrush God keeps a niche  
In heaven to hold our idols: and albeit  
He brake them to our faces, and denied  
That our close kisses should impair their white,—  
I know we shall behold them raised complete,—  
The dust shook from their beauty,—glorified  
New Memnons, singing in the Great God-light.

*E. B. Browning.*

One night Professor Angus brought with him to the little company two old friends who had been out of the city for several months. Captain and Mrs. Sio were joyously welcomed by the various members of the story-telling group, and were soon inducted into that line of thought in which conversation of late had been directed.

As they sat about the tea-table, after the evening shadows had fallen, reference was made to the curious experiences which had been narrated, and Captain and Mrs. Sio were invited to contribute of their store.

They were a gay, happy pair, full of good-feeling for everybody, and with a joyous zest which no presentiments could annoy, no sadness dull. Yet, like all people of real character, there was recognition of the shadowy side of life, and of those subtle, underlying laws that blossom in outer forms which all can see and know.

After they had adjourned to the drawing-room the Captain began :

“I had thought never to mention a remarkable thing which happened some time since, but Aila here [turning to his wife] is not averse to my relating it in such a narrow circle. As she was present at the time, she can corroborate my story.

“At the time of the breaking out of the war I was engaged in business at Philadelphia, and boarding at the house of a Quaker gentleman on W—— Street. It was with a private family, who had no one else besides members of their own household, and I was only taken as the intimate friend of their eldest son, between whom and myself existed the closest ties of friendship. The second daughter, Z., was my favorite; a warm attachment existed between her brother and herself, and the same feeling was extended to his friend. Young as we all were, we often talked of the life after death, and wondered if any intelligence could possibly reach us from beyond that dark river that rolls between the two worlds.

“The evening after I had enlisted, Z. and I took a long walk together, and talked over the contingencies of army life. We were not lovers : I was too prudent to involve a fresh young life like hers with the terrible uncertainties which must rest upon mine, and I

still think she loved me only as a sister. At any rate, it was as a brother and sister that we talked over many matters that night. Among other things, we spoke quite freely of our mutual awe and wonder regarding existence beyond the grave. Finally I said: 'Z., if I should be killed while in the army, I solemnly promise to come back and let you know, providing such a thing be possible. On the other hand, if you by any mischance should precede me to the land of souls, will you try to giye me proof of your immortality?'

"'Certainly and most gladly,' she replied; and after some thought she mentioned a name which should be the token of this agreement, that name never to be revealed by either of us to any third party.

"Time flew on; the war was a thing of the past; I returned to Philadelphia. The young man who had been my friend returned with me unscathed, but his lovely sister was not there to greet us. She had been laid in the grave some months before. Not only the word we had agreed upon as a signal was unspoken; the fact of the agreement, I am sure, had never been mentioned by her, as it had not by me.

"Circumstances changed my place of abode to New York, and all my surroundings were different. I thought often of Z., but had no token of her existence, and but for some inward intuition might have become a doubter of immortality.

"Once I was invited to spend the evening with a family, who had as a friend a young lady of whom I had heard them speak two or three times. She was to be there; but I had no thought or care to meet her more than any young person. As I approached



the house, however, an overpowering feeling came over me that I was to meet my destiny. 'If I go in and make her acquaintance, I shall certainly marry her; and I don't know as I want to marry.' Debating whether to submit or rebel to what was impressed upon me as fate, I walked irresolutely back and forth in front of the dwelling, but finally entered. You see the result," said he, turning with a fond look to Aila by his side. "I am a curious fellow, and no one but Aila would quite suit me."

"One night, a while after our marriage, I had a singular dream. My mind seemed directed to Z., from whom I had never heard since we parted, but nothing came regarding her. I saw on the gleaming sky a rainbow arch spanning the heavens, and glowing with the softest and most brilliant dyes. On this arch in large letters were these words: 'Go to F.'"

"Now this F. was a well-known sensitive, whom I had never met and never cared to meet. Consequently, after the vision faded and I awoke no movement was made to seek out F.

"It must have been two years after this, when one evening Aila and I were walking up Broadway, when we met a friend and, as was natural, we stopped to chat with her. Down the street directly afterward came a fine-looking gentleman, who greeted this friend, by whom he was introduced as F. Directly my dream flashed over me, and determining to see what would come, I proposed that all of us should accompany F. to his rooms. And this is what occurred.

"We all sat down beside F., who seemed at once to exercise his faculty of clear-seeing. He began to de-

scribe Z. as she appeared when we parted. I gave no word or sign. 'He reads that from my mind,' thought I, 'but he shall not fool me so.' F. proceeded: 'She comes to give you a certain proof or test, which she has long wished to do.' Then, baring his arm to the elbow, there rose upon the flesh before our eyes a dark red spot two or three inches in diameter; it was a star, in fact, with points radiating in every direction.

"Still my lips were dumb; I gave no sign of recognition.

"F. looked at me rather annoyed, and then exclaimed, 'You agreed upon a name: it was Sirius, the Dog-Star. Are you satisfied now?'

"My lips were still dumb, but they were sealed with surprise. Sirius, the Dog-Star, was the signal agreed upon between Z. and myself; it had been pictured upon his arm, rising before six pairs of eyes in the manner of a *stigmata*, and disappearing mysteriously as it came; it had also been uttered by his lips. I was awed, dazed, but I no more doubted individual immortality. That proof of memory and friendship had survived years and change. Her mind, like my own, had treasured the remembrance of that last talk on the eve of my departure. She sought the first opportunity to let me know her cognizance of our agreement. And with that test is perfect confidence in affection and all that makes life worth living. I argue from that, progress, development, whole libraries of wisdom, beyond my poor power of speech."

"How great must be the difficulties with which a refined, pure being contends," said Professor Angus, "in trying to penetrate the coarse atmospheric strata

that envelops the earth! We are so ignorant of them that we might as well say we know nothing about them."

"I am more impressed," said Cleo, "with the fact that such things are at all. Why does not the world generally recognize them?"

"Because it regards revelation as hard and fixed as the tables on which the commandments were written. The past is a sealed book to the mass. *Finis* has been inscribed at the end with the finger of Deity, and there is no more to be said. But every truth which man now discovers is just as much a law of God as those which Moses promulgated."

"Truth cannot be fossilized then, thank God."

After comments and queries had ceased, Aila asked the captain to relate some singular dreams which occurred to him while in the army.

He began thus:

"Once, when I was stationed in the Western Corps, I lay in my tent in that state which is neither sleeping nor waking. The walls seemed to part, and I looked out on a landscape which my eyes had never before beheld. It was a vast field, which I looked down upon as from a bird's-eye elevation. Then I saw the advance column of two grand armies approach each other, and became witness of military manœuvres which resulted in a most sanguinary battle. I saw the blue and the gray meet and mingle, and looked until the Union cause was triumphant.

"Minutes or hours passed, I know not which; I only know that my whole soul was absorbed in the conflict. Coming to my sober, waking self, I told my compan-



ion that we were to be ordered back to join the grand army, where we were to be engaged in a fearful battle, in which our arms were to win the victory.

"There was then no apparent reason why we should be ordered East, but we were very soon. And when we marched upon the field and were about to enter upon the battle of Spottsylvania I recognized as familiar landmarks all the features of the landscape round about us. The fields, the roads, the ground, the woods, all were as I had seen them nearly three months before. And the general details of that encounter, the fiercest I had yet seen, were such as my inner eyes had beheld while yet afar off in time and in distance. You see I have reason to believe in the power of the inner vision."

"I am sure," Mona remarked, "we have cumulative evidence in favor of it."

"Yes," continued Psyche, "yet we have only given a few examples where we might have had thousands. And it does seem that the law, as Professor Angus stated, does hold good in both spheres of life. Please state it again, Professor."

"I held it must be proven that interior vision, or clear-seeing, does exist independent of the outward organs of sight. Also, that this sight and the other inner powers of gaining perception of things, must be proven to be able to exist independently of the body before we can be really certain of the conscious immortality of the individual. Now I think the examples which have been given in this drawing-room from time to time do prove that affection, memory, and watchfulness do survive the grave, and are manifested

through soul-organs exquisitely fine, to persons on earth, whenever the requisite conditions can be obtained."

Cleo interrupted him here: "Yet there is so much fraud, and so many coarse, degrading manifestations of these laws, that it takes a very judicial mind to separate the wheat from the chaff."

"Certainly. Phenomena connected with the border line, the subtle domain where mind and matter approach and finally meet, require the nicest discernment and the most unerring intuition for truth. Most investigators are clumsy, prejudiced, or credulous. Comparatively few are high-minded, and pure and unselfish enough to draw to themselves tokens of those angelic influences which require an atmosphere sweet and clean as earth can possibly afford. It demands of the neophyte a devotional frame of mind—that is, worshipful of truth and goodness—to call down blessings from the source of all that is really worth having. There is a reservoir of holiness; only those who are in harmony, and aspire even through suffering and trial, I am convinced, to still greater equilibrium of being, can draw from that Divine fountain. To all others there is confusion, discord, and a lowering of the entire nature. Let us beware whom we entertain, and how. Though an angel come, if we are not ourselves angelic in aspiration and effort, he cannot remain long in our atmosphere."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### PSYCHOLOGICAL INFLUENCES.

The nightingale, if she should  
Sing by day when every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season seasoned are,  
To their right praise and true perfection!

*Merchant of Venice.*

MY DEAR CLEO: I am, as you know, greatly interested in the subject-matter of the evening discussions to which you have once and again invited me, and not at all unwilling, now that I can be no longer present, to contribute my share of "recollections" to the general entertainment. A good deal that can be uttered in the course of a conversation, however, seems supremely egotistical and subjective when written, and I do not forget that as a clinic of investigators, skilful each with his own scalpel, you have analyzed and compared, measured and dissected, much which I have only felt to be true because it fitted the needs of my own life and became vital to its sympathies. Experiences which have been to me the sign and efflux of intelligence from the "life that hath elsewhere its beginning, and cometh from afar," are to my own soul like those marine plants which, rising from a depth of many fathoms to the surface of the sea, grow and thrive amid its breakers, poised on their own elastic



stem. Another would look upon them as the stern-lights of a ship, useful indeed to designate the track passed over, but valueless otherwise.

Still, the tiny rushlight may illumine a far corner which the branching candelabra of lights has failed to reach, and mine is herewith lighted to do you such service as it may.

Twenty years ago, under the guidance of the most accomplished psychologist I have ever seen, I commenced the study of the phenomena of natural and artificial somnambulism, trance, and second sight. My teacher shall be known to you as Dr. Pryor.

He was a man of large brain, of immense muscular development, of great magnetic power, and of generous and far-reaching sympathies.

In an experience of many years I never knew him to err in the diagnosis of a case, and his words, sharp at times as a two-edged sword, had power to express what the penetrating eyes discovered concealed beneath the character and motives of the patient under analysis either for physical or mental cure, while his office was the nucleus about which gathered clergymen, lawyers, scientists, and philosophers interested in the investigation of occult mysteries.

Among his patients was a girl of eighteen, a sufferer from childhood from a complication of diseases originating in malformation of the stomach.

When I first knew her she lived literally without eating. The smallest particle of food caused her intense agony as soon as swallowed, and exposure to the air outside her own rooms produced immediate coma, ending in frightful convulsions.

Under the influence of sympathetic surroundings, if the magnetic state were induced, she became a lucid clairvoyant, prophet, and seer; but the presence of antipathetic persons, especially such as were attracted to her by curiosity, affected her like the contact of a hand upon a sensitive plant. The lips closed, the marvellous eyes became fixed upon vacancy, and the rigor and spasms returned with tenfold violence.

The case attracted attention, and, before Dr. Pryor undertook it, physicians from far and near had begged the privilege of such service as they could render in the interest of scientific investigation. At this time Elise was reduced to a skeleton, her agony was terrible to witness, and those who loved her prayed daily that she might die. Dr. Pryor attended at first with ill-concealed reluctance. Even to him relief seemed hopeless, but within three weeks the wasted limbs were clothed with exquisite flesh, the color had returned to cheek and lips, and the spasms of pain were under complete control.

At the same time her spiritual development became unique and marvellous. To sit in her sunlit room, among the flowers she delighted to gather about her, was to feel one's self at the gate of heaven, to realize the visions of ecstasies and saints, and yet to know that the shrinking, sensitive spirit, however acted upon, held the reins of its own development, and was moved, not arbitrarily or at random, but under a law of its own organization—a law always recognizable, and to which she could and did assent at will.

An invalid still, her hands were never idle, and quaint fancies and beautiful designs were wrought out



by them in constant recognition of love and service rendered her. She was practical and helpful also as the veriest Dorcas, and the surplus of her income found its way to the suffering poor, especially to little children and to the aged; while her pen, through reams of correspondence, became guide and teacher to scores of friends who never saw her.

All the while she knew that the improvement in her physical condition was only temporary, that the days of suffering to come were many, and that the wondrous change wrought by magnetic and psychologic control was in human hands, and in its own time, her mission accomplished, would be withdrawn. But while it lasted, and it did last for three years—Elise grew strong to bear her burden. She laid it down when she could, and in no moment of weakness, impatience, or regret was it ever carried to the sorrow of others.

The tie between those two, the gray-haired, lonely physician and the beautiful child with the angelic spirit whom he loved as if she were his own, increased in strength as the months glided into years, and it was often whispered that the two, so strangely united here, would join hands without parting for the other shore. But this was not to be.

As the traveller overtaken by a storm among the mountains finds the peaceful brook he has many times crossed and recrossed in safety changed in an hour to an unfordable torrent, so Elise awoke one day to find herself in the midst of unanticipated difficulties and at the mercy of events which she could neither understand nor control. Dr. Pryor had left the city, and to her messages of inquiry for the reason no answer was



returned. Rumor whispered that certain letters, bearing neither date nor signature, had been written to and circulated among the friends of the Doctor in St. Paul, and that these letters, stating facts and circumstances which could be neither explained nor denied by him in justice to all parties interested, were intended to accomplish the overthrow of his influence and compel him to desist from his medical and humanitarian work. On the evidence of his own clairvoyance, and upon the testimony of the occult influences he believed himself to control, the Doctor instituted an investigation which brought forward circumstantial evidence sufficient to implicate Elise as the writer of the letters, and believing that she did write them under the control of an influence adverse to his own, acting through her growing weakness in moments of unconsciousness, he deemed that he consulted the safety of interests confided to his conscience and his honor by withdrawing himself from her entirely.

If you ask me how such a course was possible to such a man as I have described in Dr. Pryor, I answer that I do not know.

Psychology is the pilot of a science which will one day make us acquainted with orders of intelligence yet unrecognized among mortals ; but it is a science yet in its infancy, subject to hindrances to its manifestation and to aggregations of what we may call moral driftwood from the unseen world about us. For the knowledge of good and evil to which he attained Dr. Pryor paid the inevitable price :

“ Some mistrust  
From those he too well served; from those beloved  
Too loyally, some treason.”

And they left him

“ To the desert and the thorns,  
To the elemental change and turbulence,  
And to the solemn dignities of grief,”

from which they themselves were not yet freed.

If the spirit could indeed “shuffle off this mortal coil” when it leaves the mortal body; if it could be released at once and forever from the atmosphere which envelops it here; if the inequalities of its intelligence could be effaced and disappear as do those of the earth’s surface before the gaze of the aëronaut as he mounts into space—then might there be always hope for the soul in contact with the invisible.

But not yet ourselves perfect, we can only feel and divine what is revealed through our imperfection, and the inmost of our life, not its external quality, is the attracting or repellent force. Our hidden pride, selfishness, and ambition link us to souls as undeveloped as ourselves and more powerful through their knowledge of the laws which govern electric and magnetic force, and the more sensitive the subject the more accessible is he at times to false impressions. A man who sees limitedly and clearly is, beside, more sure of himself, more direct in his dealings with circumstances and with others, than a man of many-sided capacity, the large horizon of whose thought embraces many objects.

The tempest which revealed Dr. Pryor to himself, as lightning discloses an abyss, swept over Elise as well, but had no power to stir into passionate discord her self-reliant spirit. The physical agony returned.



It lasted long, and through it all no word of reproach or of personal resentment passed her lips.

To the last she said, "Be patient; I shall rest by and by, and then I shall return, not to right my own wrongs,—years of loyalty and service have cancelled those,—but because an injustice unrepented here clogs the progress of the soul hereafter. That no one who ever loved me may suffer because a great wrong has been done me, I will unravel this complication in due time and in the way that shall be shown me."

And so she passed beyond the sunrise. At intervals for three years thereafter, like a star vivid through parted clouds, came messages of love and recognition, but no lifting of the shadow that rested on her memory. One day, sitting in social converse with a friend, also a lucid clairvoyant, it was said to me, "Elise is here. She says at —— city, —— street and number, you will find the writer of the letters credited to her in her unconsciousness. They had a purpose accomplished now, a purpose wrought out for good and not for evil. The person who wrote them does not know of her existence, yet if you tell her story for justice's sake, justice will be done." It was done. The loving, hopeful, patient spirit had waited for the dawn, and when it shone above the misty mountain-tops the broken clouds had discharged the showers that usher in the spring.

Many years after I accepted an invitation to spend a social evening with a company of gentlemen interested in the investigation of occult phenomena. The sensitive of the company was a lawyer, a brawny, dark-complexioned man, and, strange to say, an utter dis-



believer in the supermundane character of the phenomena he evoked. Dr. Pryor had strictly enjoined it upon me never to take a personal part at such gatherings, and since the death of Elise I had had no disposition to do so. This gathering, however, had, in that it was composed of skeptics, the charm of novelty, to which the materialistic views of the sensitive, Mr. B., lent additional interest. His wife was our hostess, and both were entire strangers to me, their residence even being unknown except to the friend who had obtained for us both the invitation to be present.

After an hour spent in the discussion of the subject under consideration for the evening, the lights were turned down, leaving the room, however, and every person in it distinctly visible by the light of the harvest moon. We joined hands instinctively, and some one sang softly the air from *Trovatore*, "Back to our Mountains." At the same moment the scent of flowers filled the room, and we saw them falling lightly as feathers of down upon the table before us. They rested upon my head and filled my lap, and were fastened in the button-holes of my dress. It was many moments before the sensitive, Mr. B., could be aroused to speak.

When he did so it was to say, "These flowers are a gift to you, madam, from a child friend long since passed on to spirit life. She calls herself Elise, and brings the flowers as emblems of the peace and beauty in which, after long earthly agony, she rests, and which she invokes upon us all."

As my rushlight flickers to ashes, dear Cleo, let me

express to you, and to the truth-seekers who investigate with you for the truth's sake, my honest conviction that all occult science and so-called manifestations rest upon a basis of natural law, and may be calculated under scientific conditions with mathematical certainty. But they are intended to serve a moral purpose, to aid in humanitarian work, and to furnish guides and tutors to the inner life.

He who seeks for them as for hidden treasures will find them to that life revealed. They will serve his purpose as the hod-carrier serves the architect, the chisel the sculptor, or the microscope the anatomist who knows how to use it but they minister to a distinctly selfish or merely intellectual pursuit as does the fiery phosphorescence which gleams above marshy places to the guidance of those who rush incautiously toward it to their own destruction.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A DISCORDANT NATURE.

Judge not, because thou canst not judge aright, not much thou knowest thyself; yet better far than thou knowest others! Language is at war with purposes; appearances must fight 'gainst real inward feelings. All is slight to give a picture of the things that are.

TOWNSHEND.

Into the outer circle of Mona's and Cleo's social life had come, in recent years, a woman of some renown as an independent thinker, and a personal character strong and attractive. She had a deficiency of manner in what she said, but not in what she did. Her life, as these women came to know, had been full of sacrifices and patience, and in the exercise of this latter quality she had erred through excess of sympathy with those who called it into exercise. Her name was singularly suited to her,—HONOR,—and she wore it well. She always seemed in her serious moments the impersonation of impetuous honor. In her less attractive moods her friends heard sarcasms and bitter truths clothed in language that was bare of softness, though it was always pure and undefiled. Cleo had often remarked that Honor made her think of the Shakers, she was so absolutely without sentiment or love of the ornate in language; and on one occasion, when she had made a remark in which she likened Honor to that in-



flexible and austere order of people, the latter surprised the occupants of the fireside with the remark that she entertained the views of the Shakers on more than one subject, and believed that the society was the direct result of the wrong social condition of things in the world.

"The Shakers are celibates, and are opposed to marriage, Honor; are you?" asked Mona.

"I have been met with that remark uttered in a tone of polite surprise half a hundred times at least in my life, Mona, and in the generality of cases it has been followed with the question. 'What would become of the world if we were all Shakers?' The history of the woman who founded the society is one that, if rightly studied, gives the clew to the spirit of its written code. Ann Lee's life will make Shakerism plain to all who will study it."

"Tell us how you view it, Honor. This company will be entertained by a discussion of any enigma of life that you may present," spoke the gentle voice of Mona again.

Honor laughingly shook her head as she declared herself at too great a disadvantage in the company present.

"You are all too content and self-contained for me to discourse advantageously before you. I am in the transition state described by Mrs. Farnham, and I do not yet know what condition of existence my present dissatisfaction and unrest will bring me to. I may develop into as serene a woman as your ladyship, Mona; or I may some day attain to Cleo's state of hope, or the Professor's exalted height, or to the condition of

peace into which Iris here has rowed her bark. At present I am at war with my inner self, and am entertaining a strong contempt for the pigmy existences we are all leading, with a few exceptions. In a word, I am in my heart despising certain customs and laws, and the servile attitude of men and women toward these customs and laws. I shall not be able to organize a society and go out as a leader to teach my opinions; they are not worth a following, but they have cost me enough thought to make me sincerely respect social leaders like Ann Lee, and wish that the convictions she entertained with such fiery zeal might be shared by thousands of men and women."

"Tell us, Honor, what train of thought led you to contemplate this woman's life, and why you are in such a spirit of rebellion against the social state in which the majority of your kind live."

"Cleo, how can I make people who live in an atmosphere like yours understand the dissatisfied, hopeless, and stunted lives of the men and women who, having attained to that plane of thought that makes them unhappy, are yet unable to overcome the barriers in their way and reach the higher platform? Ann Lee was one of the women who could do and did do it. Her desire for spiritual and personal freedom she gratified, though she paid, you will say, a fearful price for her liberty. I should take issue with you there, however.

What price would you pay for your liberty, providing you hadn't it, Cleo?" suddenly asked this vehement speaker.

"The liberty of which you speak, impetuous child,



is worth everything. Life really is of little value without it where the individual has developed up to it; but you must admit, Honor, that only a small proportion of the people in this world aspire to possess the higher liberty, while the majority know and care nothing for it. But come, tell us in what respect Ann Lee meets your ideal. She seems to me to have been a very dwarfed nature in some ways, and in many respects to have been an unhappy woman."

"She was unhappy because she was a slave and realized her condition. Nobody respected her individuality until she made it a power by that force of will that drew about her later in her life a following of people, and enabled her to found an order.

"When I was a child I had no more individual life than did she, I imagine. My rights, if I ever had any, were swallowed up in the interests of others. No one ever considered me as anything but one of a crowd to feed and clothe, and to scold if I got into mischief. My mother had so many babies that I marvel now that she ever gave me the slightest personal attention. She gave me very little, but I never expected more. She had so much to do and had so little help. I slept in a trundle-bed that held three of us, and near the cradle in which was a fourth baby, while near by was a room full of boys. We were herded as cattle, and as one of the herd I grew to girlhood, and finally to youngladyhood. The only thing that I recall in my life with pleasure is the country. We lived in the woods, and I spent the greater part of my time out-doors. I think I owe my life to that fact. We were all sickly, and we played fast and loose with our health, having but lit-



tle care. At the table we drank strong coffee, ate meat and hot breads, and, in a word, had whatever was on the table. I remember that one of my brothers cried every night for coffee, and it was fed to him at any hour he awoke and demanded it. You may imagine what kind of nerves we had. When I went to school it was to lead a little sister and be crowded in with lots of other children. All of my relatives had houses full of children, save one cousin. Wherever I was taken I was 'one of the children,' and was jostled and driven as those who had charge of me chose.

"When I was ten years old I had not the least confidence in myself. I could spell in two syllables, but was awkward, distrustful, and timid. My sisters and brothers were at the same school, but I happened at last to get away from them. My teacher took an interest in me, helped me after school, and I soon separated myself from children of my own age. Had I been helped at home I should have made rapid progress, for I learned rapidly and loved my books. But the moment I got home I had to put by my books and take care of the children. Mother looked upon going to school as holiday fun, and she wanted us to help her when we got home. I was nervous and irritable in addition to being ambitious, and I shudder now to recall those years; I shall shudder to recall them even in the Paradise pictured by Cleo. Indeed, Cleo's heaven—a place where she will be reunited with her family—is a place I do not seek. I prefer a desert, a wilderness, a veritable waste place for my heaven, where there will be neither parent nor child. Unless I can be with congenial natures I prefer solitude. Do not frown, Mona; I may as well say it

if I feel it, and I have not and never had a relative whose presence is necessary to my happiness."

"How sad!" murmured Mona.

"Yes, too sad and unnatural to believe, almost. Shall I go on with the dun-colored story?" asked Honor.

"Yes, do, Honor," exclaimed Iris; "I am so anxious to hear it, and also what reason you have for loving Ann Lee."

"Her life was a protest against certain forms of tyranny. I confess I never knew another whose history I so thoroughly admired. She got out of thralldom, though you may say at a fearful cost; but she elevated her character and won self-respect.

"When I was sixteen years old I had aspirations to be somebody, to do something, and I was very ambitious. My father was far too selfish to devote himself to the task of cultivating his children. It seems to me as I look back upon the household that it was composed of as commonplace material as I ever saw. Mother was over-burdened; that and her ignorance of the world made her indifferent. She would have been glad to make us happy, but her husband and her boys were too much for her. She was naturally good-natured and easy-going, and she lived so secluded a life, she did not know the cruel injustice that was done her children. You once expressed indignation, Cleo, when I said I had not even as a child genuine affection and respect for my mother. I repeat now, mournfully too, that I have never had a mother in its finest sense; never yet have known the great love that I know women do feel for their mothers. Your love and



adoration for your sainted mother, Cleo, I deeply sympathize with; but had I been brought up in an asylum I do not believe I should have had less interest in my parents or their offspring. This is inhuman, you will feel; but it is the truth, and I am glad to tell it. Many a night in this great city, alone and weary, I have wished that I might feel a yearning for home and a desire to go back there to look over the old place and be with my kindred again, but I have not felt it. I married at sixteen, because I was admonished that I must marry, and must not be too particular. The man I accepted could give me a home, I thought, and I should be able to read and study and travel. Do not condemn my low motives; I did not know any better, and no one said a word of counsel on the subject. My father was glad to have me off his hands; and I, who had never been in general society, had never known a day's independence in my life, married a narrow-minded man, whose views of life were as contemptible as my father's in many ways. It came over me by degrees that I must bear the fate I had meted out to myself, and go on like the dumb driven cattle around me. It was hard to be an unhappy girl, but it was harder to be an unhappy wife; and I could not be otherwise, married to a man who had not one thought or interest that I sympathized with. Indeed he had married me thinking that I possessed the very qualities I most detested. It is useless to prolong the story needlessly. Six months after I married I had a spell of sickness that nearly cost me my life, and I tried to have it kill me. But I slowly recovered, and as returning strength came I felt a



sense of shame over the life I was leading that led me to take the resolution to end it some way. Worrying greatly, I recovered my health slowly, and when at last I could stand on my feet again I had resolved to leave my mother-in-law's roof and go away. To this day I can truthfully say that the strongest desire of my life was to be alone. I did not know what I should do or where I could go, but an accident settled both. When I was able to go out I went to see the only relative I had who had a quiet home. There I met a lady who was going to California, and she said in my presence that she would pay any good woman to go with her, who could take care of herself after she got there. She wanted help with her two children on the journey. My heart leaped for joy, and I sought the opportunity and offered my services, which she after some hesitation accepted. I met her at the appointed time and place, and never have been back to my ancestral acres since. I wrote my husband and my mother, and told them that I should not return, and in as few words as possible said all that I had to say for myself. My husband in due course of time sued for a divorce, and married as soon as it was got. My family did not reply to me, and I earned my living and kept house in one little room in San Francisco for five busy years. My life here you know in the main, but not all. It is too gloomy to tell. For a time I was ostracized by my family, and every new piece of literary work I do now is made the excuse by some paper for calling me a 'heartless woman,' a person of 'peculiar views,' and an 'opponent of marriage.' Now I claim that I never was married in the true sense of the word, and I have

already said I have not yet seen my true mother or father. To my natural parents I have no strong affection to give, and I hold that they and not I are responsible for that state of things; but I have shared with them my earnings, and have not refused any request that ever came to me from my sisters. But not any inducement that could be offered would make me live with them. They are not congenial."

"It is all so sad, Honor," gravely remarked Cleo. "I wonder you have had courage to go on with no one to love."

"Indeed, I have had some one to love—I love you all, and I thank God for this home of yours and all the blessings it has been to others and to me. I have my work to love, and I live to improve my mind, to learn all that I can, and to be in aspiration and endeavor a being worthy to reach a higher state of existence by and by."

"You found the way to your higher development through a fierce struggle, I am sure, child," said Prof. Angus, "but you have won. You will reach a place later on where the bitterness will leave your heart, and you will have only sympathy and love for your family. When your father and mother are old and need you, you will go to them and smooth their way to the grave."

"Perhaps so, Professor; but just now I entertain an almost hostile feeling to the institution of the family. There is no place in a household of growing children for thought or repose or solitude or congenial company. What would Mona and Cleo's home be if they had a husband apiece and three or four



children? They would be half starved intellectually, and wholly different from what they now are. There is rarely a real home to be found anywhere, and I do not believe a lot of children are necessary to make one. They do not give rest, peace, company, and solitude all at one and the same time, and all these are needed to make a home."

"You are wrong in many things you say, Honor," and you will yet see it. Just now you have not planted your feet on firm ground, and you are supersensitive and critical. You think you are an admirer of Ann Lee; and yet I venture your chief reason for liking her is founded on the fact that she preferred single life to an uncongenial marriage," remarked the Professor.

"My chief reason for admiring Ann Lee," somewhat haughtily answered Honor," is that she was large enough to see that there are two classes of people in this world—those who do and those who do not wish to live in the family relation. The order she founded is the highest existing on the earth to-day. It may not accomplish as much in a worldly way, but it practically makes heaven of earth. Its members neither marry nor are given in marriage; they have no ignoble desires, and are not allured by the hollow pomps and vanities of life. They reflect and commune with their higher natures, and their benevolence is an active, living principle. Women find in the Shaker Society the recognition they get nowhere else. The order not only owes its beginning to a woman, but they believe that God is dual, male and female; and they speak of the Father-God and Mother-God, and do not



believe with the majority of Christian people that God represents the male principle and that there is no female element in the Godhead."

"Do they accept Christ as the Saviour, Honor?" was Psyche's question.

"No, but they reverently and tenderly speak of Jesus as the ideal character, the perfect man. His life is their pattern, and they argue that he lived the life of a celibate, pure and undefiled; that he gave up his family ties for his work's sake, and that he was able by so doing to live a perfect life. I wish you could hear the patriarchs among the Shakers talk about the errors governments commit in permitting men who are husbands and fathers having the reins of government in their hands; they say it is an utter impossibility for them to be true and complete in either relation, because one cannot serve God and mammon at one and the same time. They think only celibates should hold positions of public trust, and that men with families should have their homes and be compelled by public opinion to devote themselves to those homes."

"What I know of the Shakers is not a little," conceded Cleo, "and they have impressed me as men and women of very peaceful, restful natures. Their communities, or rather the one I have visited frequently, is a reposeful place and the beautiful lives they lead make the world seem a different place."

"I attribute such a state of things to the absence of kindred, Cleo," said Honor. "There is no imposition practised one upon the other; no tyranny, no exasperating selfishness, and the wear and tear on the feelings

due to the presence of a drunken father or a disreputable brother. There is no fear, no dread, no anxieties or family cares, and the vanities that count for so much in the world are as naught to them. Oh, it is heaven there!"

The company all laughed at Honor's closing exclamation and the tone in which it was uttered. Mona was the first to speak, saying:

"You see no selfishness in that kind of a life, Honor?"

"Indeed no, Mona; and better still, no misery. Nobody's husband commits a forgery or decamps with his neighbor's wife; no fast-sons come to grief; no undutiful daughters run away with their father's coachmen, or do worse. There are no bills, no failures in business, no villany, no vulgarity. You would realize that there is nothing of all this if you were to see the placid, sweet-faced women who live to be very old, with never a frown on their faces or a wrinkle."

"But do you admire them more than you do the noble mothers of the land?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes, I do," replied Honor. "The mothers of the land are lucky if their children turn out well, and they have very little to say on the subject anyway. They have children hap-hazard, and put them in schools because they are too busy bearing other children to train those they have, personally. The majority of women are not worthy to be mothers, nor the men to be fathers; and the result is just what we have—a condition of things the reverse of heavenly. Then, again, a woman who is rearing children has no time to think of anything else, because she has too many. Three



children, born under right conditions and welcomed in a home, are enough if they are to be rightly trained. I may be all wrong, but there are times when, in thinking of what this world might be with the right sort of people in it, I get so unhappy that I wish I had not been born. It is a question whether life is a blessing to very many people. If each and all could be developed to the highest spiritual and intellectual condition possible, then it would be well, but as it is I doubt it. Personally, I had rather live five years at my best, than to exist a thousand years of the life I have known thus far."

"And yet you have not lived in vain, Honor, if you have improved each day, as I believe you have," was Mona's consolatory reply.

"But what might I not have been, Mona, if I had been taken as a child and decently reared and trained! And if I had been born under better conditions, and had a larger brain and a stronger body? O friends! it is hard to long to be and to do, and yet be hampered by limitations that cannot be overcome in this life—perhaps in none. It is hard to live a dwarfed intellectual life from lack of training, and it is worse still to grow into adult life with not a happy memory of home to mark the years gone by."

"The years to come are yours, Honor; and if you do not find an order as did Ann Lee, you may find a happier work in teaching women not how to escape their destiny, but how to find it, without the fearful effort you had to make. You magnify some circumstances in your life because of the distastefulness of the whole. You are a literary person, with strongly



marked characteristics ; and you had no friendly hand to guide you : hence you suffered. But," Mona added in a softer tone, "do not forget that you have made others suffer. Your parents no doubt have sorrowed over your course, not understanding you—any more than you have them. Yours is the part now, dear, to soften this sorrow, and to let them rejoice over your success in life, as they would do were they aware that you who have done so much are their own child."

"Mona," sadly answered Honor, "you cannot understand me ; your heart as well as your head has been educated, mine has not ; I have no love for my kindred, and all that I will give them is money. Myself I will not give."

"Ten years hence you will not feel so, Honor. You will satisfy your longing for study and work, and your heart will expand until it becomes umpire."

"The wonder is," said the Professor, taking up the thread of discourse when Mona had ceased, "that more women do not rebel against the narrow limit prescribed by custom and ignorance for them. Ann Lee was not so much a phenomenon as the world supposes in her feelings ; she was but one of thousands who share the same antipathy of feeling, but she made herself an historical figure by acting on the light she had received. Any number of women are living as are you, ladies ; and as the years go by the numbers will multiply, and the presence of such a class—a class of cultivated, self-sustaining single women—will encourage and strengthen all women. And they will not need to withdraw themselves from the world or to form an order to be independent ; the earth is theirs as much

as it is man's, and they will inherit it on equal terms with their brothers."

"You are right, Professor," said Mona, "such a class of women is to be; we have already members of it scattered here and there over the world. There are Harriet Martineau, Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Mitford, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austin, Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, Margaret Fuller—for though finally married, essentially she belonged to our heroines—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa Alcott, and a host of others."

"And they were or are all superior women," remarked Cleo, "who made their own lives noble and beautiful."

"Yes," chimed in Honor, "and most of them have helped others, who were perfectly willing that these 'clinging vines,' 'frail women,' to use the common expression, should toil for them, against prejudice, custom and many other odds."

Una, who had until then been a listener in the circle, now spoke:

"Such as these might be called members of 'the order of Ann Lee,' might they not? I have always been as attracted to her as Honor is, only from a different standpoint. She admires Ann Lee because that inspired woman taught celibacy and purity; I, because she discovered womanhood."

"Discovered womanhood! what do you mean?" asked several voices.

"I mean that until her time, there had been only a masculine God. All religions have had their goddesses, but the great Jehovah—called by many names

—was always masculine. Now Ann Lee, as Honor said, was the first great teacher to proclaim that God is masculine as well as feminine. She saw the two coequal principles running through nature, without which can be no life. Celibate as she was, Ann Lee discovered the law of marriage at its very fountain, in the Divine beginning.”

“You have touched the very key-note of her inspiration,” said the Professor.

“Then let us see to what her discovery of the feminine principle leads to,” resumed Una. “It means that womanhood, the highest development of the feminine principle, is the coequal and peer of manhood. It means what has never been understood—that woman has been slave or toy, not queen beside her king. Once comprehended, it will greatly revolutionize the existing order of things, and help usher in the era of justice. Do you believe that, Professor?”

“Certainly; I have for years, ever since I have known enough to reverence my mother and love my sister. And I tell you the truth, friends, when I say that no man is fully and nobly developed, until he sees in every woman a possible mother, sister, or daughter. When I realize how men have preyed upon women, I am stirred to the very depths of my nature. They are either flattered or enslaved; in either case just those weaknesses are developed with which women are constantly taunted. The tree has been cramped and distorted, and then my sex find fault that the fruit is dwarfed and bitter. There’s a day coming, though, when the best feminine influences shall become powerful and universal.”



"Take care," drily remarked Cleo, "or you will be dubbed strong-minded."

"As if it were a compliment to be called weak-minded," resumed the Professor. "Honor's story has recalled old thoughts in regard to the family relation, and man's supremacy. I can understand why our friend is discordant. She was born in miserable, in-harmonious conditions, and it is a great credit to her that she has begun to surmount them. Honor, five years hence problems which perplex you now will be made clear. Then you will find that a real marriage is the highest form of existence."

"How strange it is," said Una, following out the former drift of thought, "that persons of such different states, such diverse developments, as Honor and her brother and sisters and parents, are found in the same family. Why, I know cases where there are apparently ages between two members of a household group."

"That is true," replied Cleo. "I think we see the same thing throughout society everywhere. There is the man belonging to the barbaric age married to the woman of the mediæval era, or even to one belonging to the most refined, spiritualized epoch. And vice versa, in rare cases. Of course persons so unlike cannot understand each other, and the wonder is how they ever became mutually attached."

"Because they lack the clear vision," said Mona, "and only look at the surface. It is so easy to seem to be what one is not. Why, if we could really see people as they are, as we walk the streets, we should perceive monkeys and bears and lambs and wolves and owls and lions, dressed in fine clothing and de-

porting themselves bravely. We are too much taken up with externals. Most of us have to wait till we reach the other life before penetrating the bodily husk to get at the golden grain within."

"That is true," said the Professor. "We find, as you have said, all developments, all ages, mingling not only in the same society, but in the same family. Now, we must look at it philosophically, and see what good can be drawn from it."

"In other words," said Una, "you are confronting one of the great problems of evil."

"Exactly," returned the professor. "It amounts to that. Though this is a special question, we can rise from it to the general theme. I have thought a great deal on this subject ; we all have."

"Yes," assented Cleo. "It takes all my philosophy to reconcile myself to things as they are when some one whom I love suffers, apparently needlessly; that is, suffers through the selfishness or wrongdoing of others, like Honor here. Oh ! I think eternity will not be too long to make us forget the keen bitterness of seeing the innocent compelled to submit to injustice without any chance of reparation in this life. I then find comfort only in the thought that this is only the beginning of existence."

"You are right, my friend," returned the other, as he looked with sympathy into her face, flushed with quick emotion. "Few have reached maturity without having suffered deeply at the wrongs of those they loved, if not at their own. There is a very dark side to life. Our comfort is, my friend, that the shadow is evanescent, the light is eternal."



Mona took her friend's hand and looked tenderly into her face, as if the touch of friendship would comfort the sorrows of years. Cleo looked up gratefully and resumed :

"Thank you for reminding me of that. Yet it is hard to look always to the future for reparation."

"It is often hard to do the wisest and best things to take the noblest course. Don't you think so?" said Una.

"Not after character is formed, it seems to me," remarked Mona. "The will is all-powerful. If we exercise it wisely it must make a strong, self-contained, reliable character, that resists evil and tends towards goodness. Such a person can throw off temptations and overcome bad tendencies. I think children should be regularly trained to use the will-power as the best means of moral culture. But to return to the problem of evil. I am so overwhelmed by seeing the sweetest and noblest persons whom I know suffer in injustice, calumny and wrong, that I am often tempted to cry out, 'where is God that such things must be?' I can never quite be satisfied."

"No, I hope you will not be while injustice continues," returned the Professor. "Yet you understand the law of compensation. Never an injustice is committed but reparation must some time be made. Never an evil but is atoned for. There is no such thing as eternal wrong—there is only Eternal Right."

"Thank God, we know that is true!" exultantly exclaimed Mona. "If it were not so, the universe would be a sham and a mockery—the work of a demon instead of a God."



"But one must not forget that much that men call evil is really caused by ignorance."

Here Mona, who had been in a brown study, turning to the Professor, said :

"You remarked, awhile since, that a real marriage is the highest form of existence. Shall I tell what I think about it?"

All begged her to "free her mind" upon that important subject, and she began :

"If sex originated in the Divine Mind, then marriage is natural and should be beautiful, holy and enduring. Suppose men and women tried to find their true mates, intelligently and religiously, don't you believe they could? I do, if they are sufficiently intelligent and sincere."

"I do not know why they should not," said Una, while Cleo quietly remarked :

"My real mate may be married or in heaven, who knows?"

"Well, look and see; if he is, wait."

"Just what I am doing," laughed Cleo.

And "just what we are all doing," chimed in the others, except Una, who sat silent.

"I have found mine," she gently, sweetly said, "and am content. We are imperfect and know it, and so bear with each other. But we never lose sight of the blessed fact, that in each is the other's ideal, though we often fall so far short of what we might be. I see in Paul the noble, grand spirit, that however obscured by many faults, is still ever mine and mine alone. I speak plainly, friends, and seriously, because it is to me the most important of all subjects, this of marriage."

"Indeed it is," warmly assented the Professor. "It is good to hear such testimony, yet how few can give it. Pray, proceed."

"We talked over the subject faithfully, Paul and I, before we were united. I told him of my weaknesses and short-comings, and he did the same. We tried to express our real selves to each other."

"How or why did you believe you really belonged together?" asked Psyche, who had been a careful listener.

"Because we thought our leading temperaments were alike; so were our tastes, desires and aspirations."

"Yet you are unlike in appearance, utterly."

"Yes, two who are entirely alike do not belong together; for example, perfect blondes or perfect brunettes. That would be as fatal as to have entire diversity. Yet there must be a central likeness in taste and affection."

"Well, proceed. It is not often we have the chance to question a party to a perfect marriage."

"You need not think we never differ or never tire of each other. That is a fiction of the novelist. If Paul and I were shut up together for months with little or no other society, there would be temporary satiety. We should want—we all want—other people about us, while we keep the home-nest warm and sweet and pure. Between us come no intruders, not even you, dear friends. In our souls we are all in all to each other, each supplying what the other lacks—love and wisdom, feminine and masculine. With the dear hearth-stone warm and bright, we can face the world together, undismayed by any turn of fortune's wheel that leaves us each other."

"And what if death should take one and leave the other, as death must?"

"Of that I cannot quite think unmoved. Should Paul go first, I know my darling will wait for me there. I know, too, that he would never lose sight of me until I joined him again. He would commune with me then even more perfectly than he does now, while we are apart. You know he is now in California, unavoidably called there while I was not strong enough for the journey. We agreed, before he started, to sit alone at the very same hour, allowing for difference of time. Well, we feel not only each other's thoughts, but each other's condition. The next morning, when writing to one another, we mention the prevailing thought or feeling, and in nine cases out of ten they have been in unison. Spirit calls to spirit across the continent. It makes me glad even when most mourning for his absence, for I know our love is strong and deep, so that it must outlast this earth and all that therein is."

"You make us feel how solemn and lonely a thing a true marriage is, Una," said Psyche.

"And yet you must not imagine that we always think alike, that we never ruffle each other's feelings. But I do say we try not to do so, and that we never retire at night without loving feelings and forgetfulness of all annoyances."

"Some people think there is no real love where there is any difference of opinion," said Honor.

"That would make a curious uniformity," returned Una. "Do they think any, even the most perfectly married, are mere echoes of one another? Would they



crush out all individuality? They must have singular conceptions of life, if so. But I wish to tell you our beliefs. We think that woman is the interior, inspiring, spiritual part of married oneness; that man is the external, constructive, powerful portion of the dualism. He exemplifies the centrifugal principle, she the centripetal. He goes out to battle with the forces of the world; she makes the hearth-stone the centre of love and grace and beauty. But that does not mean that he never comes to the hearth-stone, and she never goes out into the world. Each must complement, must balance the other; working, striving side by side for material and for spiritual good."

"You make marriage an onerous thing; I wish the world could all be made to believe it," said the Professor. "If I had my way, no marriages should take place unless the contracting parties had attended several courses of lectures on the duties and laws of marriage, and received a certificate of a competent understanding of them. The next generation would be better organized and reared, I think."

"The world would soon be able to dispense with the three professions, I fear," said Cleo. "You go to the root of the matter, Professor, instead of treating effects. But let us hear more of Una's story."

"When we first married we agreed to have separate rooms. It is a fact that familiarity breeds contempt, and then we both think that it is healthier and better for each individual to have a separate room, to say nothing of separate beds."

"The same belief is widely shared by the medical profession," said the Professor; "in fact, by all enlightened people."

"Well, we believe in it, anyway, and all the gold of India and California could not buy the comfort, the sweet affection we take in our little home together. We try to help each other to be better, nobler, purer; to rise to high and still higher conceptions of duty, and to act as well as think good deeds. We are very weak, it is true, but we try to grow to be helpful. We cling together because we love one another tenderly and hope to go hand in hand up the shining heights of the blessed world beyond. Such is our conception of marriage, and such we try to make it."

"What do you think of those who do not believe in the monogamic union?" asked the Professor.

"Simply that they have not outgrown the animal plane. They should not judge the higher development, which they nevertheless must one day reach, for 'the less cannot comprehend the greater.' If they understand the law of perfect union, though, and try to obey it, they will use the will-power to conquer animal propensities, and so grow to be worthy the high destiny which is attainable by all who faithfully strive to reach the life of the soul."

"Well," said Mona, "when I find a Paul, I hope to tell a similar story."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DO THE DEAD RETURN?

What does all avail—  
Love or power or gold?  
Life is like a tale,  
Ended ere 't is told.

Much is left unsaid,  
Much is said in vain—  
Shall the broken thread  
Be taken up again?

*Aldrich.*

One rainy Sunday afternoon there were gathered about the library table, after early dinner that Mona and Cleo always had on Sunday, several of the reader's acquaintances—Iris, Una, Prof. Angus, and others—and the conversation that had been about the opera which they had all attended the previous week to hear the divine voice of Adelina Patti, gradually drifted into more serious things. "It is often a matter of wonder to me," said Cleo, "what degree of ability will be required after death to make any one a genius in any given direction. For instance, I should like to sing as clearly and correctly as Patti, and be as happy in the possession of this gift as I would be now. How I should like to know."

"I imagine we will be in another state pretty much what we are here for a time, and the future will be



what we make it," replied the Professor. "If you aspire there as you do here, Cleo, you will sing like a lark and do everything else equally well. The will has as much to do with it, and more than anything else, and with your energy you ought to delight yourself as a singer."

"Freed from the necessity of working for our bread, I think we might all reach a high state of culture here; and when in addition to this necessity, if we might be without bodies, and strangers to pain and suffering of a physical kind, I should think we could become seraphs in a short time," earnestly answered Cleo.

"Do not think, however, that I would have you understand that I think the getting of bread does or should engross our entire time. It would require but a small portion of our lives to provide for the needs of our bodies if we lived properly. If, for instance, I had only to provide myself with simple fare, a plain home, and sufficient clothing for raiment, I could earn in less than a month all that I would need throughout the year. But my life is like all other lives; it is a complicated web, and I have to spin industriously and steadily to make it fair in all its proportions and to keep it what it should be, in order that it may accord with those about me.

"And yet you and Mona live after the Emersonian pattern more nearly than any one I know. You entertain considerably, it is true; but your visitors are not mere acquaintances but friends, each one esteeming it a privilege to come, and none trespassing upon your time or strength. If all women could order their

lives as are yours then we should have a different condition of things socially."

"We live self-respecting lives," she replied, "but are not nearly satisfied that we are doing our best. If we could harmonize everything so that we could, like the wise people of old, walk and talk with the saints, then I should be satisfied. As it is, we are unable to keep ourselves free from very common-place and trivial things at times."

Mona came in at this juncture, and laughingly remarked that "Cleo lived half her time with the saints, and the other half she gave to discussing their higher thoughts and probable occupations."

Cleo quietly denied the imputation, but Professor Angus, who seemed determined to draw her out on the subject, asked her if she would tell him how far her study and observation led her to believe in spirit-communion?

"I do not wish to appear inquisitive, dear friend, but I would like much to learn if you have ever had any sign from your mother since she left you? Has the silence ever been broken? Often have I wished to ask you, and now while we are at liberty, I would like you to tell us the result of your experiences. The storm increases, and there will be no other visitors for the present at least."

Mona, who evidently knew more than did the others of Cleo's experiences in this as in all matters, quietly said:

"I did not mean 'spirits' when I said 'saints;' I should have said 'heroes' and 'heroines,' for Cleo is so much a hero-worshipper that she overrates those she

admires, dead or alive. She does not overrate the comfort she receives from her faith in her spirit friends."

"Have you entire faith in the return of spirits?" asked Honor, addressing Cleo.

"The question seems almost flippant to me, Honor," she replied.

"I have had nothing of the kind, and you must forgive me if I seem flippant, Cleo. I have never realized the truth of this philosophy, and it is likely that I should not have cared at all for spiritual truths if I had not met you two women."

Cleo had changed her seat during Honor's remarks, and was now quite near Mona, who was half reclining on a comfortable lounge. It was amusing to her friends, on many occasions, to see how almost unconsciously she drew near to Mona when she was under the least mental or social strain, and how quickly she gathered confidence to talk on subjects of the nature of which the Professor desired to bring up. The two seemed one in mind when they were interested in a favorite theme, and Cleo always appeared at her best when her nervous, quick utterances were supplemented by Mona's low, quiet tones. They were very alike in purpose, thought and aspirations; but the one had climbed higher than the other, and had found a calm rest that is the reward of the wise who have suffered greatly. Cleo had suffered, but she had not conquered the power of pain over herself. It still could rack her physical nature to prostration, and make her dumb and solitary in feeling. Not so with Mona. Her sweet, serious face discovered nothing of the dreary conflict



she had passed through beyond the spiritualized expression that remained. She was less hopeful and more self-contained than Cleo, and no one knew it so well as Cleo herself, who sat at her feet, her disciple in all things.

And as she sat there, with her friends waiting for her to tell them her evidences of immortality which she believed she possessed, she looked a veritable disciple in the presence of her heart-sister and best earthly friend.

It was with an effort that she broke the silence, and when she did she said :

“What was proof positive to my soul may not even make an impression upon you all. My longings and homesickness had to be stilled in some way after my mother died, for had I given way to them, I would long ago have been out of this world.

“Mother promised to come back. That was the thought constantly with me, and dwelling upon it, I forgot that she had expressed a doubt or fear that she could not come. The first year she died was the darkest of my life. I almost grew to hate the God who in mercy permitted me to live, and I would have been glad to have flung the empty gift of life at His feet with scorn and despair. But I plodded on, working hard through necessity, and holding on to those I loved with a tenacity that helped me if it did not them. In the years that followed, my sisters and brother married, and Ernest went from me to college. For two or three years I was alone, save for the visits made me by them, and there was some pain mixed with much pleasure that these gave me. I was not essential to the

lives of my sisters, and my brother was in the South, and almost wholly separated from me. Mother grew nearer, singular as it may seem, after they had all gone, and many and many an evening I would go to my room where I boarded, and sit in the dark the entire evening thinking of her, and caring only for the sound of her quick footstep or the pressure of her hand on my head. Sometimes I had peaceful, submissive moods, and again the demon of unrest would seize me, and I would ride for miles in the street cars, caring only to be out of the house.

“One night a friend called to see me, and proposed that I should make a visit to a family who had moved into a house of hers. They were strangers, she said, and the lady seemed exceedingly cultivated and refined. I tried to decline, but was persuaded to go, and entered the house after a pleasant walk, strangely anxious to meet Mrs. G——, about whom my friend had talked all the way. She met us at the door, and I was introduced to her in the semi-darkness. Her voice I admired, and several times I caught myself thinking, ‘It is like my mother’s.’ We chatted in a commonplace way of her new home, of the city, and of her old home, for she had removed from a distant State with her husband, whose business was established here. Perhaps an hour had gone by, and I had noticed that the lady was abstracted and silent. I thought it was time to go; but when I proposed to do so she moved nearer to me, and, taking my hand, said to my friend, ‘Lower the gas, and sit near us; I think I have a message to give this lady.’

“The request was complied with, and the wonder I



felt over her peculiar conduct kept me silent. By-and-by she said, speaking slowly :

“ ‘It seems to me that you have lost a near and very dear relative, who is often with you. This person, who is a lady, says she is your mother.’

“ I shivered as the lady said this, for I felt a chill run over me. She continued :

“ ‘You lost her under peculiar circumstances. She died away from you, but in some way you were aware of her death. She tells me to say to you that you have given her great comfort in your course since she left you, and that she has but one request to make now—that is, that you will not grieve and fret over her absence so much. It prevents her from getting as near you as she could otherwise. Do try to be passive.’

“She stopped speaking, buried her face in her hands, and seemed overcome by emotion. I was weeping, but she did not know it, and I did not understand how to account for her tears. But I said nothing, and after a few moments she looked up at me and positively fascinated me by the likeness I seemed to see in her features to those of my mother. The light was low, but the outline of her face was distinct, and I was greatly moved by what seemed to me to be a striking likeness. She took my hand, which she had dropped, and, pointing to a ring I had on, said to me :

“ ‘She gave you this ring—her wedding ring—and she is glad you wear it. This is her proof to you that she is here.’

“The speaker moved her chair back, sighed, and rubbing her eyes for a moment or two, got up and



turned on the light until it flooded the room, and returned to her seat.

"My friend came to my rescue—for I was in a dazed condition, and knew not what to say—by remarking that 'she was surprised to see her so suddenly influenced.'

"The lady replied that she knew when I entered the room that she would have to say something to me, because a spirit came into the room with me, and desired to be recognized.

"I asked her to describe the apparition, but she said she did not see the features; she noticed only that the lady was taller than I, and seemed to wear a light gray dress, very light in texture and gray, like the light of the early morning.

"Expressing regret that I could not have seen as much, I began asking questions concerning the state or condition she was in when she saw the strange visitant. She had by this time lost the expression she had seemed to have, and I could not detect the slightest resemblance to my mother. Indeed, I wondered that I had seen any, for on examination her face was wholly different from what I had thought it. By the time I had returned home and retired, I was quite satisfied that my imagination had deceived me, and in the morning I had accounted for the strange things said to me on the supposition that either my friend or some one had mentioned my name to her, and perhaps gave her the particulars of my history."

"Was your friend with you a believer in spirit return?" inquired Professor Angus.

"My friend was Mona," smilingly replied Cleo,

and she was just beginning the investigation of the subject. She came to me the next day, and told me before I spoke almost the exact doubts I had entertained, and said she had not mentioned my existence to the person.

"For three years I would not discuss the subject with any one but Mona and one other friend, but after we were planning to live together under the same roof she proposed one day to go to see a clairvoyant who was much talked of in the city, and I consented.

"Now, I want you to know," continued the speaker, "that I look upon clairvoyance pure and simple as a faculty of the mind, not fully understood yet, but wholly separate and apart from anything supernatural. We went with this opinion concerning the subject, and I had every demonstration that I was right in this view."

"What did she tell you?" eagerly asked Iris.

"A great deal about my past, much concerning my inner feelings on many subjects, and gave me positive evidence of acquaintance with many circumstances connected with my life. *But she did not tell me a thing I did not know before.* Therefore I was confirmed in my belief regarding clairvoyancy, and was delighted, though I had not heard from my mother.

"The proof that I had of spirit return came to me in this house with Mona, and when we were alone. We were anxious to buy the house and make ourselves a home, and twice we came here to see it. The second time we sat a long time in this room, trying to feel whether we were right or wrong in the step we were taking. There was no one in the house, and we sat



like two owls on a couple of old boxes talking together. The how or the wherefore I never shall know in this world, but as I sat still, waiting Quakerlike for the spirit to move me—for Mona and myself had said we would stay there until we had entirely settled the question—we heard what we thought was a band of music. We both listened, and I remarked after a moment that I thought I heard music, but it was a mistake. Mona smiled and said: ‘I had the same idea, and it was correct; I did hear music.’

“We waited, but it did not return, nor did we hear a sound afterward, but instead there appeared in the corner of the room a shadowy light, and it seemed to me that out of the gray fog gathered there I saw a woman stand. She seemed to have a pair of steps with her and a picture, and that she stepped lightly up the steps and hung a picture-frame. At first I could not see the picture in it, but gradually she seemed to fade out, and there hung a portrait of Ernest which I was having made, surrounded by beautiful pale purple chrysanthemums, my mother’s favorite flower.

“‘Mona, Mona,’ I gasped, ‘do you see?’ But she did not answer, and I was too absorbed in what was taking place to notice that she remained silent. A moment more and an arch seemed to span the picture held in position by a pair of hands that were distinctly visible to my excited vision. I strained my eyes to see the hands, but they faded out as I looked, and only the arch remained. It seemed as delicate in its tracery of gray and white and blue as a pomegranate blossom, and just in the centre of it I plainly saw the word ‘Home’ in brilliants. It was the most beautiful pic-



ture I ever saw in my life, and it faded and was gone quicker than it has taken me to tell it. I looked again, and there stood in perfect view the full form of my mother, smiling and brushing her two hands together as if she had soiled them with dust. Then she pointed to the pair of steps and smiled at me in a way that made me understand that she had hung the picture, and it was her choice of a place for Ernest's portrait. It is there, as you see, and that was the corner I saw her standing in. Mona sat still while I was watching the changing panorama, and I supposed she saw it, but she said afterwards she did not."

Mona, who had raised herself up and was sitting near Cleo, looking at her as she concluded her statement, said :

"Cleo does not quite do herself justice in the way she tells this. Let me amplify and explain :

"We were intensely anxious about the matter of a home. This house suited us in many respects, and we wanted it. The price was somewhat higher than we wished to pay, and we were questioning whether it was good policy to take it, trusting to our future prosperity, or buy a smaller one in another street that was less expensive. Cleo's vision settled the point. She had pondered the subject, until I was glad to hear her say that she was willing to do right, and only wishing that she could be sure it would be right to take it. Then she said, 'I leave it to you, Mona, and I will abide by your decision.'

"She had scarcely ceased speaking when we heard the sound of music, and that I thought a good omen, for instantly I recognized the presence of my dear little

brother. Of him Cleo knew nothing, and I waited to see if anything more would come. It was the first time she had ever heard it, and I was thankful and pleased that this proof was given me that I was not mistaken in the belief that we were in sympathy and harmony with each other. When she made a sudden exclamation, I looked up at her and saw that she was in a semi-trance condition, and at once she began to describe what she saw. When she came out of it and tried to tell me what she had seen, I did not question any longer the choice of a home. We had found it, and that evening we bought it."

"What is Cleo but a medium, then?" exclaimed Honor.

"She is a clairvoyant of the first water, undefiled by false living, or clouded in her vision by abuse of her gift. She is scarcely conscious of her great power, and never will be wholly so until her busy life is ended on earth, and her warm, loving heart is dead to those who need her in this world. Then, and not till then, will she know that she already is what she longs to be—a seer."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WHEAT IN THE CHAFF.

“ Sweet sunrise land, I have dreamed of thee  
When the summer moonlight fell  
In silver showers on the rustling flowers,  
Asleep in the greenwood dell.

“ And I awoke, when the vision broke,  
With a sob in heart and brain,  
That I should stray from the shining way  
Back to the earth again.

“ But I know I shall see thee again, blest land,  
When life's fitful dream has fled,  
When the flowers lie low where they used to blow,  
And the sky in the West is red.”

It was a pleasant group around the fire that evening. The light was turned down, so that conversation might not be roused out of the channel in which interior thoughts flow so quietly and naturally. When we are given to such moods, a garish brightness suits them as little as noise and commotion. All growth requires at least semi-seclusion, partial darkness, silence; for—

“ Wisdom ripens into Silence as she grows more truly wise,  
And she wears a mellow sadness in her heart and in her eyes:  
Wisdom ripens into Silence, and the lesson she doth teach  
Is, that life is more than language, and that thought is more  
than speech.”



Then the finest and highest attributes of Divine Love are ready to flow into the seeking, the aspiring. Then soul itself becomes as passive as the surface of an unrippled lake, and draws from the great infinite reservoir of life refreshing dew, which refill it with those precious elements that the daily wear of this world so readily exhausts.

The Professor sat in a deep arm-chair, with his head thrown back and his eyes half closed, not only in the enjoyment of the mute companionship and the charm of the genial warmth, but in dreams as well. His clear-cut features were silhouetted against the crimson background, as if cut out of marble. They had all the purity of outline of an old Greek god, and in the semi-light looked like those of one who has gone within the veil, who has passed to the eternal calm of the grand immortals. Yet on them was stamped an elevation, a loftiness of soul, within or above this passionless repose, that indicated the existence of moral sense, in which the Greek was undeveloped. The old, fine scorn—scorn of everything below his own radiant self—was here exchanged for a boundless pity, a brooding tenderness, which came from a contemplation of the littleness, the misery, the foolishness, the wretchedness of a vast portion of humanity.

The centuries have borne their fruit. The developed Greek worshipped created form; the developed modern worships the spirit that creates, inspires, and animates form. The Greek deified the body; the modern that which alone gives the body value. The Greek adored beauty itself—sensuous beauty, that which ripens and fades even while he gazed upon it; the

most advanced of the modern adores that interior, informing intelligence, or wisdom, whose perfect expression must be—is—beauty. The form may change, fade, perish; the spirit within is changeless, fadeless, imperishable. It is the eternal Good, the undying Wisdom, from which beauty blossoms. The flower may pine and die, the root remains forever; for it draws its sustenance out of the primordial substance of all things; it is—reverently be it written—a portion of God, in whom is all Goodness, all Beauty, all Love.

. . . . .

They finally roused from their reverie at the touch of Psyche's hand upon the piano, weaving subtle melodies into a web of yearning sweetness. How it rose and swelled on the air, this cry out of the depths of a nature reaching up into space, asking, beseeching, bewailing, praying, praising! It was like an upspringing fountain, like the sighing of the breeze, like the sound of rushing water, like waves beating upon the shore of a pebbly beach. It was more than that: it was the cry of an unsatisfied soul, being filled with peace and comfort and hope, and deathless affection. It voiced many moods, this improvisation, in which time and space were lost in the limitless, the infinite.

. . . . .

The last strains melted into silence as they gradually came back to life again—the life of the senses.

It was Iris, who went to the window, and, drawing aside the curtain, looked out into the quiet street, where the moonlight was falling with a soft and silvery splendor. The naked trees reared their branches aloft in that weird, fantastic fashion they always assume in

such a light, as though they clutched, ghostlike, at something beyond the ken of earthly vision, while on the curb-stones their faint shadows made intricate tracery.

Iris gazed a moment, then, with a half-shiver, started back, laughed, and, drawing the hangings together, turned to join the party, saying :

"I saw the moon over my left shoulder, and some ill luck will surely happen. I wonder if any one else is superstitious, too ? It is a sad confession, no doubt ; but there are certain things I can never meet without dismay, like this unfortunate first gaze at the new moon. Am I alone in my foolishness ?"

Each looked at her neighbor as if reluctant to own the truth, till Cleo said :

"I, too, confess ! Not that I believe in it one bit, but I have a little dread whenever I see a new moon over the left shoulder, or spill salt on the table. That is about the extent of my superstition."

"And I confess, too," followed one and another voice, in which even the Professor's joined. "It is a proof," continued he, "of the remarkable influence exerted by early teachings. None of us, I dare say, can corroborate the evil effects of these two instances, yet we all dread their recurrence. We see how hard it is to outgrow youthful errors, even in intelligent circles."

"Let us go back a little, Professor," said Captain Sio, who, with his wife, was present that evening, "and see if there is a grain of truth in any of them. Aila, here, has made something of a study of folk-lore, and often talks of strange beliefs common among many



nations. Aila, you think many of them have some foundation in truth, do you not?"

"Probably the Professor knows more about the subject than I do," replied Aila, "but I am convinced that in a bushel of superstitious chaff there are some grains of wheat. But it is difficult to tell where and how most of these beliefs originated."

"It is much easier to tell how they have been perpetuated," returned the Professor. "A superstition once originated, it is told and retold in the family circle. The love of the marvellous keeps it in remembrance, and it is handed down from generation to generation."

"That is all very true," said Mona, "but I believe many stories are founded on facts. The 'land beyond the sunrise' is so connected with this more material one, as we have agreed so often, that foregleams and intimations do come to us in many ways. Of course there are many that only result from ignorance and superstition. But let us hear about some of them, Aila."

After disclaiming any great amount of knowledge on the subject, Aila told of a few examples of folk-lore which she had traced back as far as possible through various writers on the subject. She observed the universality of certain marked superstitions, and said the curious forms they took in various nations indicated that the remark of Mona must be correct.

"For instance, the belief that cauls found on the face of new-born children indicated their special powers of foretelling, is often true. Probably the explanation that a great concentration of nervous force in the heads of such infants strengthens the power of the

inner vision—or increases the activity of the soul-sight—is correct. On inquiry, I have found that many who are gifted in this respect were thus endowed at birth.”

“A very satisfactory explanation,” said Cleo; “but where you find one belief that has a foundation in fact, you will find twenty that have none.”

“I only promised you a few grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff, you remember. Now, in regard to love charms; probably you think they are all mythical?”

“Certainly I do.”

“I don’t know about a sweeping denial. Think of it a moment. Two young people are shyly but powerfully attracted to one another. At Valentine’s Day, Midsummer Eve or Hallowe’en, the affections of each go out to the other; they try the same charms, perhaps. Through natural laws, such as we have so often talked about in our meetings, the image of one is projected or photographed on the air. This image may only be visible to the other, who is in perfect harmony with the unconscious projector.”

“A novel explanation, but a plausible one,” remarked the Professor.

“I will tell you how I became convinced it is true,” she continued. “You know my cousin Veronica, all of you? Just before her marriage, six years ago, she had an engagement to meet James at three o’clock on a certain afternoon, at the Academy of Design, at Twenty-third Street. After looking at the paintings, they were to go together to dine with some friends. Three o’clock found James in the gallery, but Veronica was not there. Impatiently he paced through the



rooms, wondering why she had not kept her promise. Turning his head often to the corridor to watch her coming, he finally saw her making her way directly toward him. He noted her dress, which was not one she usually wore on such occasions, laid down a catalogue he had taken up a moment before, and started to meet her. She had disappeared. A rapid search through all the rooms showed she was not in the building, nor had the door-keeper admitted any such person. Knowing not what to think, he wandered about irresolute and puzzled for nearly half an hour. At the end of that time Veronica entered hurriedly, dressed precisely as he had seen her. 'Why did you play me such a trick?' was his first salutation. Explanations followed. At exactly three o'clock Veronica had been at home, ready dressed to meet James, but was detained most unexpectedly by urgent business. She was greatly annoyed, and her thoughts were fixed upon James.

"Evidently her image was thrown upon the air in just such a manner as those who have reached the 'land beyond the sunrise' are sometimes photographed, as we all agree in believing. Now, this is one of several true cases; it happened in this city to persons whom we all know. I have followed out others, equally true. Don't you see now how there is a good deal of grain in the chaff of the 'love charm?' It explains the whole thing to me."

"So it does," exclaimed Psyche; "it explains, too, why these phantoms vanish if there is any movement on the part of the one who sees them. I, myself, have seen two or three friends half a dozen times, just as



you describe, and I could never understand how or why, before. At first I was alarmed taking it as a sign of the death of the friend seen, but I soon found this was not the case."

"Your explanation, Aila," said the Professor, "goes further still. There are very many people who believe in the double, or *dopplegänger*, as the Germans say. Intelligent people they are, too, and they really think a man's soul can walk out of him, go to a distance, talk, walk, eat, sleep and return, and he know nothing of what is going on. Sometimes, though, he is conscious of the marvellous feat of leaving his body, and his account agrees with that of those who see him. Now, I believe your explanation covers all this ground. It is a curious but not unnatural phenomenon. I, myself, contend that it is impossible for the soul, intimately and vitally connected as it is with the body, to leave it entirely until death, and then it is a final leave-taking. All these cases, to my mind, are covered by the explanation you have made. It satisfies my reason and my intuition."

"What do you think in the case of those who claim to have left the body, or who have died, to all appearance, and then after a few hours come to consciousness and describe what they have seen?" asked Captain Sio.

"Very likely, when the person has entirely lost consciousness, when life has receded from the senses and retired to the inner, mucous surfaces of the body, as it frequently does in the most profound states of clear-seeing, or clairvoyance, or in trances, the inner-vision is greatly increased. The person is

"'Laid asleep in body, and becomes a living soul.'

It then, to a certain extent, becomes like a spirit who has entirely left the body; that is, it is conscious of and is able to, commune with spirit. The soul, which connects body and spirit has not yet withdrawn, but remains concentrated in the interior organs, ready to depart if the disturbance goes much further. At such times it is often able to communicate with those who have entirely left the body; it sees, as a disembodied spirit sees, into the 'land beyond the sunrise.' Time and space are lost sight of—it has visions of glory and beauty such as words cannot describe. If this is not carried too far, if the golden cord uniting soul and body be not severed, the sick person revives and declares he has been in Heaven. Sometimes he reports that he has been told that he must come back to earth and remain still longer. And his friends, not understanding the distinctions between body, soul and spirit, and also how they are united, really believe he has left his body and wandered away to Heaven."

"No doubt," said Mona, "that such persons as Plotinus, Jacob Bøhm, Swedenborg, Davis, and others, were subject to such experiences."

"All testimony goes to prove such to be the case."

"To what extent are we to trust their descriptions of what they saw and heard?"

"I think we ought to judge of that by their love of truth, intelligence, devotion to principle, and freedom from bias and bigotry, inherited or acquired. If the seer was a Calvinist, he would be likely to think he saw a literal hell when he looked into the abodes of the inharmonious and unprogressed. Or, if he were determined that certain things did not exist, he would not be likely to see them if they did."

"Then the old prophets and Biblical seers were subject to such visions?"

"Certainly; and so were the leaders of religious thought in all nations; Buddha, Mohammed, Zoroaster, Confucius, Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, and others. Very often, when they are not profoundly asleep externally, they get in communication with great currents of spiritual truth, such as flow from the Divine Mind, and have religious revelations. They are then in a state of 'ecstasy,' or the 'superior condition,' and utter truths which vitally affect the spiritual nature of multitudes."

"I believe that, too," said Mona. "And it seems to me that the cultivators of 'occult powers,' the 'adepts' and 'brotherhoods' and 'orders' of India and Persia, are societies of individuals who try to see to what extent the will-power can aid the spirit to subjugate the body through the soul which connects the two. Of course, many will use their knowledge of natural laws to bewilder and mystify the uninitiated, and sometimes they may resort to jugglery to supplement the use of their curious lore. For one, while I believe there is vast power in the will, and a wonderful potency, yet unexplored, to govern matter, I don't propose, for one, to bow down before a priesthood of these 'occult powers.' Let all who will, learn that they, themselves, are the repositories of all force, and that wisdom may convert that force into power."

"Yes, and let them learn that the first use of this power is to render themselves self-governing and symmetrical," said Captain Sio.

"They had rather cultivate a love of the marvellous,"



said Cleo. "But we want to hear more about superstitions, Aila. What about fortune-telling, Aila?"

"There are fortune-tellers in all countries, I believe. I conclude that the tea-cup or card fortune-teller fixes her, or his, attention on the tea-grounds or the cards until the inner-vision is partially opened. Don't you?"

Cleo—"Perhaps; I never thought of it in that way. The attention concentrated on one thing may, after a while, help to make the person a clear-seer."

"Especially when there is a natural gift in that direction," Aila continued. "The Scots seem much given to second-sight, and have many omens. May is not a popular month for marrying; June is. Friday is generally considered an unlucky day, and various reasons are given. The power of the Evil Eye is very general."

"That I believe to be the intuition that an evil-disposed person can produce harm by looking at you and willing harm," said Captain Sio. "There is the power of the will again."

"Very likely. Presages of death are also universally believed."

"I do not see why our friends in spirit-life may not be able and willing to give warning of such a great event," said Psyche.

"Another thing is very commonly noticed; that is, the howling of dogs before a death in the neighborhood. I think that is not a superstition. We have known several marked cases of that fact. How shall we account for that?"

"I do not see why the keen senses of dogs may not detect the presence of disembodied spirits, as they re-

turn to give their ministrations to the departing one. Death is only a birth into a higher life; it demands, and it has, the presence of loving friends, who aid and smooth the throes of the soul passing into the second sphere. I know some persons who become conscious of strange, sweet uplifting influences at the death-bed. And I know of certain cases where horses, too, saw or felt the presence of those whom we could not."

Captain Sio here remarked that this was no more wonderful than that a dog can follow his master's trail where neither our senses nor science can detect anything. If the aura, or atmosphere, is so palpable in one case, it may be in another.

"The striking or running down of a clock at death," resumed Aila, "is another popular superstition. It is verified in many cases, too, as I have taken pains to find out."

Here Psyche seemed compelled to speak, almost against her wish.

"I did not intend to confess, but I have, on two occasions, witnessed the departure of the soul. In one case it was an old lady, who was conscious and composed, and desired to join her husband and daughter, who had gone shortly before. At least, I saw this: A white vapor seemed to rise from the body, principally the head, and float upward nearly to the ceiling. I seemed impelled to lay her limbs and head flat upon the bed, and lead her weeping sisters from the room. They evidently disturbed the strange but beautiful birth of the spirit. Gradually, it floated out and up, till all was gone but that which pulsated in the brain; it throbbed a few times, flickered, and detached itself,

like a thread that is snapped in two, as she drew her last breath. It was so mysterious—so lovely! Since then I have never feared death. There floated the vaporous body, the shape and much the size of the clay below, and I am sure I saw life faintly pulsating within its outlines. I was conscious, too, in some indescribable way, that invisibles were in the room. There was such a holy peace, such an exaltation, that I could hardly have patience with the laments of the friends of her who had just been born into a higher sphere. I can never forget that scene, any more than I can speak of it to those who cannot understand what I saw.”

“I do not wonder,” exclaimed Iris. “I would give half I possess for five minutes of such interior vision.”

“Now, I will never again call the belief that the process of death can be visible, a superstition,” said Aila. “Perhaps, if we lived out our best, we, too, could overcome all the shrinking from the last agony. We already know that much that seems suffering in dying is spasmodic and unconscious. Did you see anything else, Psyche?”

“I felt, rather than saw, that this new-born soul-body floated out of the room, with its attendant friends, and glided off into the distance. It seems to me they went to a ‘home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,’ where everything is of a refinement suited to such exquisitely sublimated bodies. I have digressed from the subject, though. Please go on, Aila. Show us the true side of other superstitions.”

“Their name is legion; I cannot. Many are traced back to early Aryan days, when myths were easily



manufactured from ordinary occurrences. There is the dread of thirteen at the table; of breaking a looking-glass; of beginning any piece of work on Friday, and many other things; of these, I have found no satisfactory explanation, though many are given. To me, they all seem superstitions, and nothing more."

"I think you have proved, Aila," said Iris, "that there are some grains of wheat in the chaff. But it is a good deal of work to sift it over and find them."

The evening was far spent; the fire was smouldering low; the lights had gone out, and all sat silent as in the beginning of their symposium. There was a feeling of harmony among them which only those experience who have kindred tastes and have met much together. Presently, there smote upon the ear a soft, tremulous strain of aerial melody, a music such as none but three of those present had ever heard before. To Mona, Cleo and Psyche it was not unfamiliar; to the others it came as a consecration to be cherished and remembered in after years. Sweet and clear, its vibrant tones seemed to fill the room; it thrilled them through and through. Rising and falling, these billows of liquid melody sometimes died away into silence, and then swelled into tones of piercing loveliness.

Time and space were lost; the senses floated in a sea of sound, and the heavens seemed opening to these friends in council, who had become attuned to the self-same key.

As it died away slowly, softly as it came, they clasped hands and parted in silence. Thought and feeling were too exalted to break into common speech.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE LAND BEYOND THE SUNRISE.

- “ Beyond these chilling-winds and gloomy skies,  
Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
And love becomes immortal.
- “ A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal,  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But blooms for aye, eternal.
- “ The city's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim earthly vision;  
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
That opes those gates elysian.
- “ But sometimes when adown the western sky  
The fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by silent fingers.
- “ And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream lightly through the azure vault afar,  
And half reveal the story.
- “ O land unknown! O land of love divine!  
Father Allwise, Eternal,  
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine  
Unto those pastures vernal.”

Well, what of it?

What is the use of these inner powers of vision, these strange experiences, these warnings of another and better existence, that break through the opaque clouds which encompass the life of the senses, and give us gleams of the infinite blue sky beyond? Why recount these marvellous tales of a world which, though impinging daily upon that in which we dwell, is not for us to enter until we have laid down our burdens and perplexities, with the garments of the flesh to which they pertain? Why strive to pierce the awful curtain that is suspended between the Here and the Hereafter, or note any glimpses that man has occasionally caught of the scenery and inhabitants of Beyond?

Is there aught beside idle curiosity in the recounting or the hearing of these tales dealing with the inner life? Is there any significance?

Nay, friendly reader; were that all, this book would never have been written.

Were there not a vast, unbounded ocean of Love and Wisdom over and about us, from which to draw *refreshment* and *sustenance*, and could not the inner vision act in such a manner as to assist our powers of receiving and appropriating this natural pabulum of an immortal being, then were our work in vain.

For we are ourselves made out of the warp and woof of which eternity is woven. We are portions of the Life, the Love, the Intelligence of the Universe. We are all portions of the One Spirit which contains all spirit,—the One Over Soul whom men call by different names in different ages and among various races. True, the conception varies with the individual:



it is crude or expansive, narrow or limitless, according to the status of the mind which conceives. But there is a unity running through all things which enables us to understand and appropriate all human experiences, all truth, all goodness.

Above creeds, beliefs, time and space, we aspire to the universal heart and mind which is the common background of soul. Therefore these experiences which we narrate—and they are infinitesimal compared with those which might be gathered in one city, to say nothing of one country—prove the existence of innate undeveloped powers in all, and of a vast limitless existence beyond the scope of this.

He, the poet-philosopher, whose name is linked with America's brightest genius, felt this when he wrote these words: "Oh believe as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thy ear! Every proverb, every book, every by-word that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will, but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this, because the heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly in endless circulation through all men, as the waters of the globe are all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one."

A belief in the inner vision, the clear sight, has existed among all people. They who live nearest to nature are most inclined to become conscious of these powers. So it is with prophetic dreams, intimations

and forewarnings. The truthfulness of these foregleams depends on so many exquisitely nice conditions that they cannot become an everyday matter. Nor is it desirable that they should. For we are placed in this world first, to exercise our senses; to educate our powers through them in order to build up individual characters, to acquire experience, to become strong, rounded, symmetrical. We live to-day first for the uses of this life. We are placed here for this purpose, and to avoid or neglect to make all we can of the opportunities which earth affords is to thwart the very aims of existence.

But that is not all: there is another reason why we were detached from the Deific ocean of spirit by the bodily organization in which each of us dwells. It is in order to manufacture out of the essence of refined matter which passes through the frame another body so ethereal, so refined, that it may become the garment of the individualized spirit at death, and be prepared to fulfil all functions as its organic body in that world "Beyond the Sunrise."

To this all hopes, all wishes, all intuitions, all clear-seeing, tends. If such be not the case, then is life the most tantalizing of all mad mockeries. Because the outer and coarser senses cannot discover these essences shall it be concluded they do not exist? Can they discover force and power anywhere? No, they perceive only their effects. All the great underlying reservoir of principles that throb and interplay through space are unperceivable to these same senses on which we rely so much. Who can detect the power that inheres in a blade of grass or a common daisy, the palm

or the pine, that enables each to draw little by little exactly the nutriment it needs for its own peculiar constitution? Who ever discovered the mysterious life pulsating in the heart of all, pushing out a stem here, a blossom there, sending each root down to the underworld of coarser matter, directing each tiny fibre to the fields which nourish and build up the plant and the tree? Who can see or understand the attraction which causes each to appropriate those particles which make the daisy, the rose, or the pine? Can we see power, see love, see life? We see only its shell, the husk or rind that encloses the inimitable spark of God, which is the central spring of each and all.

That all matter is pervaded by an invisible essence, is proven by the researches of chemistry as well as by those of the clear-seer. The discovery of the spectrum analysis gives palpable demonstration of this truth. By means of it we know that all substances have an aura or emanation proceeding from them; this aura projects a certain distance, and upon it depends the characteristics of the substance itself. It is matter in a high state of refinement or attenuation, and can be seen or felt around human beings by those having the inner vision well developed, or even by very sensitive persons. This atmosphere, at the earnest thought, the unconscious desire of the person, is often projected to a long distance, so that the seer or the dreamer may feel that aura, or may even see the photograph on that finer atmosphere which interpenetrates our own.

No doubt this often causes the dreamer or the seer of absent friends, or the prophetic nature, to get glimpses of persons and proceedings at vast distances



from the point of vision. To those who have no understanding of these laws it seems a miraculous interposition of Providence. We had rather call the universal law greater, more wonderful, than any impossible interposition.

A writer upon the interesting discoveries of the spectrum analysis, says of some experiments :

“My friend showed me the rainbow of the rose, and the rainbow of the violet, and the rainbow of the hyacinth, and the rainbow of forest leaves being born, and the rainbow of forest leaves dying, and last he showed me the rainbow of blood. It was but the three hundredth part of a grain dissolved in a drop of water; and it cast its measured bars, forever recognizable now to human sight, on the chord of the seven colors. And no drop of that red rain can now be shed so small as that the stain of it cannot be known, and the voice of it be heard out of the ground. . . . Shall there be a rainbow or sphere around the rose and around a drop of blood, and no emanation from the soul, with all its God-given powers, its undying loves and heavenward aspirations? The natural is but the analogue of the spiritual; and poetry is true, though science till now has failed to perceive the fact.”

In this relation I cannot forbear giving a beautiful instance of mental illumination which enables the expanded mind to take hold of the distant, the holy, the imperishable. It is by one who has proved to have the inner vision opened to a remarkable degree, one whose social and intellectual faculties are subordinate to the religious, and who consecrates the vision to the welfare of humanity.

"I observed an intense blackness before me. Gradually this midnight mass of darkness lifted and disappeared, and as gradually my perception was awakened and enlarged; all things in the room, together with the individuals in it, were surprisingly illuminated. Each human body was glowing with many colors more or less brilliant and magnetic. The figure of each person was enveloped in a light atmosphere which emanated from it. The same emanation extended up the arms and pervaded the entire body. The nails had one sphere of light surrounding them, the hair another, the ears another, and the eyes still another; the head was very luminous, the emanations taken in combination spreading out into the air from four inches to as many feet.

"The utter novelty of this view overwhelmed my mind with astonishment and admiration. I could not comprehend it. . . . A few moments more, and I not only beheld the exteriors of the individuals in that room clothed with light, as it were, but I also as easily perceived their interiors, and then, too, the hidden sources of those luminous magnetic emanations. Now I could see all the organs and their functions,—the liver, the spleen, the heart, the lungs, the brain,—all with the greatest ease. The whole body was transparent as a sheet of glass! It was invested with a strange, rich, spiritual beauty. It looked illuminated as a city. Every separate organ had several centres of light, beside being enveloped by a general sphere peculiar to itself. . . . I saw the heart, surrounded by one general combination of living colors, with special points of illumination interspersed. The auricles and

ventricles, together with their orifices, gave out distinct flames of light, and the pericardium was a garment of magnetic life. The pulmonary or respitorial department was also illuminated with beautiful flames, but of different magnitude and color.

"The various air-chambers seemed like so many chemical laboratories. The fire in them wrought instantaneous chemical changes in the blood that flowed through the contiguous membranes; and the great sympathetic nerve appeared like a column of life interwoven and blended with a soft and silvery fire! . . .

"The brain was very luminous with prismatic colors. Every organ of the cerebellum and cerebrum emitted a light peculiar to itself. I could easily discern the form and size of an organ by the shape and intensity of its emanations. . . . In some portions of the smaller brain I saw gray emanations, and in other portions lower and darker shades of this color, down to a sombre and almost dark flame.

"On the other hand, in the higher portions of the larger or superior brain I saw flames which looked like the breath of diamonds. At first I did not understand the cause of these beautiful breathings, but I soon discovered them to be the thoughts of the individuals concerning the strange phenomena then manifested in my own condition. The superior organs of the cerebrum pulsated with a soft, radiant fire; but it did not look like any flame I had ever seen before. In truth, the brain seemed like a crown of spiritual brightness, decorated with shining crescents and flaming jewels. Each brain seemed different, but very beautiful. . . . From the brain I saw the diversified currents of life or



magnetic fire as they flowed through the system. The bones appeared very dark or brown, the muscles emitted a red light; the nerves gave out a soft, golden flame; the venous blood a dark purple light; the arterial blood a bright livid sheet of fire. . . . I saw not only the real physical structures themselves, but also their indwelling essences and vitalic elements. . . .

“Another thing was very remarkable; I knew the individuals had garments upon them, because I could see an element of vitality more or less distinct in every fibre of clothing upon their persons. . . . The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible. Every fibre of the wild flower, or atom of the mountain violet, was radiant with its own peculiar life. It seemed that I could see the locality, properties, uses and essences of every form of wild vegetation that has an existence anywhere in the earth's constitution.

“But my perceptions flowed on. The broad surface of the earth for many hundred miles before the sweep of my vision became transparent as the purest water. Earth gave off one particular color, stones another, minerals still another. . . . When I first discerned a bed of minerals—it was a vein of iron ore—I remember how I started and shivered with a sensation of fright. It seemed that the earth was on fire. The elimination of electricity from the entire mass gave the appearance of a deep-seated furnace under the earth. Innumerable beds of zinc, copper, silver, limestone, and gold next arrested my attention; each, like the various organs of the human body, gave off diverse kinds of luminous atmospheres. The various salts in the sea sparkled like living gems; the deep valleys and

dim-lit ravines, through which old ocean flows, were peopled with countless minute animals, all permeated and pulsating with the spirit of Nature; while the sides of ocean-mountains, far, far beneath the pathway of travel, seemed literally studded with emeralds, diamonds, gold, silver, pearls, and sparkling gems beyond computation. . . . I looked abroad upon the fields of dry land and saw the various species of animals that tread the earth—all were open to my inspection. I saw the brains, the viscera, and the complete anatomy of animals sleeping or prowling about in the forests of the Eastern hemisphere, thousands of miles from the room in which I was making these observations."

This brilliant example of the early unfolding of powers which every one possesses, taken with all the host of similar experiences, can have logically but one conclusion. The same sight, expanded and enlarged, may naturally and legitimately be directed "Beyond the Sunrise" into that world where they do dwell who have passed through the change of death. Then the robe of flesh, with all its weaknesses and angularities, has been dropped forever, and the soul-body, the completed and glorified garment of the Deific Spirit, has soared away, following its attractions to that "home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

This, like all other facts, is the subject of human testimony. If a multitude of reputable, clear-headed people unite, without collusion or knowledge of each other's statements, in describing similar scenes and assert precisely the same facts, under the same conditions, then, indeed, their words demand respect and credence.

## CHAPTER XIX.

SIX MONTHS AFTER.—THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

We must not doubt or fear or dread  
That Love for life is only given,  
Or that the calm and sainted dead  
Will meet, estranged and cold, in Heaven;  
Oh! Love were poor and low indeed  
Based on so stern and harsh a creed!

So, if its flame burns pure and bright,  
Here where our air is dark and dense,  
And nothing in this world of night  
Lives with a living so intense,  
When it shall reach its home at length,  
How bright its light how strong its strength!

Oh! Love is not a soulless clod;  
Living, perfected it shall rise  
Transfigured in the light of God,  
And giving glory to the skies;  
And that which makes this life so sweet,  
Shall render Heaven's joy complete.

—*Adelaide Procter.*

Six months passed away; summer had scattered our friends, and only three or four remained in the city. Cleo and Mona never quite deserted the home nest, but, making short flights from point to point, returned to it with ever increasing content. The Professor had passed through marked changes; these he related to the two friends, and to them alone. How much they



rejoiced for him, need not be said. His story only served to further increase their belief in the undeveloped powers of the soul. Here it is.

“Because you are my friends, Cleo and Mona, because you can understand what I am about to tell you, I feel safe in giving you this history. Only a few can comprehend it now—but the day is coming when many can. They who are capable of a pure, holy, spiritualized affection, who are ready for any sacrifice that shall bring about that conjugal union, who look beyond and above physical attraction and external selfish considerations, those who are conscious that the solitary life of man or woman is untrue to nature's laws, are capable of understanding what I have experienced. There are many grades of affection, ranging from the lowest bestial passion to the highest spiritual consecration, and those on the first plane can scarce be expected to call those on the last anything but dreamers and idealists.

“I am thankful, however, for such idealists. On the shining heights of possibility stand those creations of our aspirations—prophecies of the yet-to-be. When that lofty, stainless ideal becomes the real, then shall war, crime, ignorance, and misery become a thing of the past; then shall the children born on this planet be beautiful as the gods and goddesses of the Greeks; as sweet and rounded and perfect in manhood and womanhood as the few whom we meet perhaps but once or twice in a lifetime.

“But to my story, friends! You know something of my earlier life, though I have never put it into words.

From the circumstances of the past few years, you must be aware that my affections have been expended on humanity in general, not concentrated on one person. I have thrown myself into my profession and called that the love of my life; I have sought recreation in science, music, and art; I have endeavored to make friendship fill the place which should be sacred to love. Finding that impossible, I walled up the entrance to that secret place, and made a sealed sepulchre out of that holy of holies.

“For some time I persuaded myself that I was happy without the troubles of love, that there was less depth of bitterness, if there was less exultation of happiness; but it was a hollow persuasion after all. I knew under all diversions and subterfuges that it was but half a life to be alone. The one magnetic pole yearns to receive the life-current flowing from the other; it is useless, starved, deprived of its natural resources. The positive demands the negative, as the latter calls for the former; strong incisive, masterful manhood needs gentle clinging attaching womanhood; neither can reach its highest development alone.

“This I had to confess to myself after a long struggle. The development of the universe we know to be based upon the conjunction of these two principles, masculine and feminine. Marriage begins in atoms, running up the scale through minerals until it culminates in man. There it partakes of the development of the individual; it may be either physical, intellectual, or spiritual. Having studied this subject all my life, I was perfectly convinced that, when temperamental adoption existed, the union might be en-

during as spirit itself. And, underneath the quiet, apparently contented exterior, I was bowed down with sadness at thought of living to be old, uncompanionated, unloved, unloving.

"I could not, like too many men, stifle my higher nature by indulging the lower. Why should I desecrate my manhood any more than a woman should sully her womanhood? Would not the sin and shame of the inversion of purity be the same in the one case as in the other? I have never been able to see any difference. No, I could not afford to despise myself.

"Work seemed the only outlet for my nature, but there were cravings that would not be stilled, that grew stronger and stronger as the years rolled by. They who have the capacity for unselfish conjugal affection, and yet go through life without exercising it, are, I believe, like him or her who has been denied sight and sound. That which allies us to all that is good and great and beautiful, the Divine spark, kindled at the God-sun which men call Love, burns and glows at the heart of each. When it expends itself in consuming unworthy objects or where it flickers and dies in loneliness, the heart grows colder and colder until it becomes as lifeless as the arctic waste where strong men perish. And yet the possessor lives on and walks and talks and sleeps, a pale ghost of his true self, out of whom has departed all that gives color or meaning to life. It would be unutterably sorrowful, save for the certainty that the other life shall restore each into his own and her own; that it shall supply every need, fulfil every longing.

"The hour came when my desire for the one true,



pure, perfect love became almost unendurable. I had moments of unutterable depression. I was tempted to go to some good friend, and, revealing my sadness, ask her to become my wife. 'I can give you only tenderness, respect, a quiet, undemonstrative affection,' I would tell her, 'but that is the basis for many a lifelong marriage that is not unhappy. Youth has gone by, with its romance and unreasonableness; we will settle down as useful members of society, respectable, cool, quiet people, living on in a superficial way.'

"But, no: I could never bring myself to do that. Better die with thirst than stoop to drink of springs which would not quench the soul's longing.

"At last, one night I prayed earnestly and long for my true mate. I implored the powers of love and wisdom,—I asked of God as my right,—as something which belonged to the nature which he had called into existence, that my other, dearer self might be revealed to me, 'whether on earth or in heaven, let me know, and I will be content. This love-element must meet with its kindred, or I shall grow to be a crippled, imperfect creature, a blot on the page of thy providence.'

"It is curious that I had not conceived of her face or form: I only know she must be my other, dearer self, more precious than anything the universe contained, the revelation of Deity through womanhood—all that I was not and could not be;—my soul's own and only companion.

"Three nights after that prayer of mortal earnestness, I dreamed, and such a dream! There appeared by my bedside, methought, a lovely, serious, smiling face,

the eyes looking into mine as if they found there a whole world of meaning. Her aspect was that of one who is at rest and happy. Those lovely, soft, gray eyes with half-closed lids never wavered from their gaze, and while they seemed to smile, the glance penetrated to the very marrow of my being. I became at once conscious that they could read my nature and detect any unworthiness in it, and I began to be ashamed of certain follies which I had not outgrown, for it seemed I could neither escape nor wish to escape their searching vision. The soft brown hair, parted from a broad, clear brow, caught the light in waves and ripples, and was drawn into a knot at the back of the neck; the mouth was sweet but firm, and the complexion pure and pale. A soft glow like moonlight seemed to radiate from the figure, and gave a halo about the noble outlines of the head, which had the dignity of the Venus de Milo.

“I felt at once that this was the face and form of my love; a sense of repose, of serene happiness, took possession of my being. It really seemed as if my starved nature filled up, surely, gradually, with that affection which had always been denied me. It quivered through every vein, a subtle, sweet, gentle, vivifying flame; it beat through the valves of the heart, it exhaled from the pores of my skin. This, then, was what I had waited for so long: here was my bride; there was no hesitation, no excitement. It was a revelation, and the solemn joy, the wonderful peace, was deep as the foundations of my being. An awe stole over me as if one had come from the dead; as if two souls, stripped of their earthly coverings, had



met face to face and recognized that each had been so gently, sweetly drawn to the other that no space could divide, no obstacles separate, two whom God himself had mated. There are no words in any language to express the infinite content, the profound tenderness, the exquisite sweetness, of this blending of soul with soul.

“‘It is but a dream,’ I thought within myself; ‘but it is a blessed dream—a prophecy of my bride. If such a being does not yet exist, I shall wait ages until she becomes crystallized out of the depths of spiritual life. My desires and prayers are for her and her alone: my heart shall be no more sad, for if she lives not now, she shall yet live, and I can wait until then.’ But into my being still flowed this throbbing ecstasy, strong and steady as a mighty, waveless tide. It was like an infinite ocean flowing over the crags and headland the pits and caverns of an island, until, little by little all was submerged and the waters made a deep current over the rough places, and it was all one sea of love and life. The island was still there, but it was overflowed by that newer, finer element for which it had so long waited. I recognized it as a portion of that deathless love which flows from Deity, and also reveals Him into the recipient. My attitude became one of prayer and praise, as I mentally ejaculated, ‘We have found each other at last!’

“With this throb of joy the vision slowly paled, smiling to the last, the eyes fading last of all. I was then wide-awake; the chamber, as usual, was dark and still. No more sleep came to me that night. I was thinking with gratitude of my dream or my vision.



"Days passed, weeks flew by, and nothing unusual occurred. I did not look for my bride, feeling assured that some of those wheels within wheels, those inexplicable laws of destiny which men call fate or Providence, would bring us to each other in good time. If not, why, we could wait. I was no longer sad, lonely, impatient. That gentle, strong breathing of the love of the spirit never quite died out of my inner life. A revelation had been vouchsafed me of the holiest of all relationships, and I could be no more unhappy.

"She came to me a second, and yet a third time, in the deep watches of the night. I seemed to have dropped down to depths of serene forgetfulness, and to slowly rise out of æons of ages, out of limitless space into consciousness. There she stood, gazing into my eyes as though she would never cease to look; as though she were coming right into my being to dissolve and mingle her soul with mine. Each time the form was more radiant than before, the outlines more clear, the sweet, firm face more real and life-like. I even noted the slope of the shoulders, the robe gathered at the neck and uniting below the throat, and at the meeting blossomed a rose. I say blossomed, but at the first dream the rose was but a bud, with a few green leaves. The second vision showed the bud half-blown; and the last time I saw with joy that it was expanding to an open flower, and that the room was filled with its aroma. 'Ah,' whispered to the silence and the darkness, 'she is near me; my love is coming, for the bud has become a flower.' Yet still the world went on the same; the sun shone, the rain

descended; love and blessing came and lingered to others, but my love came not; and I thought I might have to wait until eternity revealed my Rose of Roses.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A MUTUAL REVELATION.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears of all my life! and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

*Mrs. Browning.*

“A few weeks after the last dream-vision, business called me to the neighboring city of P——. A peculiar elation took possession of my spirit: it seemed as if I were on the eve of some momentous event. Usually so quiet, I was restless on the cars, and felt like changing my seat frequently. I could not read, I did not wish to look out of the window. We were passing over one of the best roads in the country; everything was in good order and there was no apprehension of an accident, and yet my pulse beat fast and my breath came spasmodically. I was about to rise from my seat



when a violent shock threw me forward ; there was a rush and whirl—I remember the shrill whistle of the engine, and then sank into oblivion.

“ It could have been but a moment when consciousness returned, and I struggled violently to free myself from a mass of *débris* which hemmed me between two seats. There was broken glass and splinters of wood and a general wreck, yet, strange to say, no one was killed outright. The car was partly on its side, and we had much difficulty in making our way out of the upper windows. I helped out one gentleman and two ladies who were badly frightened and somewhat bruised, when my attention was called to the car before us. It was turned completely on its side, and passengers within were screaming loudly for help.

“ Wrenching off a bar of wood from the car with almost superhuman strength, I made for the wreck in front. It was useless to try to get in either of the doors, since they were wedged in and twisted, but we began breaking the windows. I seemed impelled to go to the fourth window from the front of the car. It was partly open, and hanging out was a hand, a long, tapering hand, gloveless and unjewelled. I knocked out the window carefully as possible, and found the lady whose hand had attracted me lying with her head bent forward, motionless and apparently lifeless. Something about the whole contour of the limp form seemed familiar ; but I did not pause for that. I seized her in my arms, and after much difficulty succeeded in relieving her of the broken seat and dragged her, helpless as the dead, from the window. Not till then did I look into her face. O God ! it was that of the lady of my dreams !

"I was seized with frenzy, and for a moment revolted against this cruel fate. 'Have I found you too late? too late?' I exclaimed. 'No, there cannot be anything so horrible. I will snatch her from the jaws Death himself. You shall live, spite of fiends or angels! Help me, oh! help, help!' I cried as one distracted."

"By this time two physicians were on the spot, for we had leaped the track just outside the town of E——, and the shock had been heard all through the place. Carrying my precious burden as a child would be borne in strong arms, I sought a physician who was administering restoratives and binding up wounds. 'Doctor,' said I, my life, a fortune, anything, if you save this woman! Tell me she is not dead!"

"I had laid her on the grass and held her head on my knee. Those expressive eyes were closed; but these were the same features I knew so well, the same soft brown hair, the same noble poise of the head, the same clear, pale complexion, the same woman whom I had three times seen, and whom I knew to be my own out of all the world. Had I found her only to lose her, without one word, one embrace, one farewell?"

"The doctor looked at my darling's face, felt of her pulse, put his hand over her heart and shook his head. In mercy to me he could not speak.

"'Doctor,' said I, coolly and slowly, 'she is not dead, she shall not die! Help me save her!'"

"'Impossible, my friend,' said he. 'I am distressed to tell you that the concussion has been too great. Yield to the will of God.'"

“ ‘Yield to the will of God? Yes, but His will is not to have her die. Doctor, she shall live!’ And seizing her limp form in my arms, without a hat, with clothing torn, and blood streaming from a wound upon my head, I made my way to a house in the distance, a little off the railway, where no one had been taken. I entered, and was met by two or three excited inmates, who led the way to a large airy bed-room on the first floor, where I deposited my charge on the couch. Then a gentle, elderly woman wearing the Quaker garb led me away and bade me wash and refresh myself, while she and her daughter disrobed the lady of my dreams.

“ In a few moments I was again by her side: she lay motionless, like one in sound slumber. I bent over and gazed into her face. There on her breast lay a rose, and its faint perfume came over me like a spell. I saw her—*my unknown, my bride*—stand by my bedside, and a kind of delirium came over me, a feeling that I would *will* her to live. Seizing her hands I chafed them one by one, and kissed them again and again. I hung over her, and placing my hand upon her head and her heart, breathed into her nostrils, and worked as one works for the life he holds most precious. It seemed as if hours flew by, but it could not have been so long. The kind women of the house brought restoratives; they tried to force them down those silent lips. Vain, all in vain! There was no breath, no sight, no tremor, along the pulseless clay.

“ ‘She is dead,’ they whispered to me gently; ‘come away.’



“‘She is not dead, she shall not die,’ said I. ‘Go leave me, if you will not help;’ and wrapping her slight form in a sheet, I crouched down by the side of the bed, and breathed over her heart in an agony of prayer and longing.

“Suddenly I felt a faint pulsation under my lips; I put down my ear. Blessed sound—the heart had begun to beat.

“Then I knew that my will and my love had snatched her from the very jaws of death. I worked over her tenderly as a mother over an infant; sitting by the bedside, I held her hands in my own and WILLED, with all the energy of my nature, that the life-currents should once more flow through the nerves and the veins carry their crimson flood to the pulseless heart. The victory was gained; slowly came a tinge of red to the finely chiselled lips, and a faint bloom appeared upon either cheek. At last her breath came soft and low, but I did not dare to move or speak. It seemed as if any little movement might dissipate the gathering strength.

“It was not long before there came a flutter of the eyelids; slowly unclosing them, she looked up at me and smiled, then dropped to sleep like one in perfect peace, while a natural flush came back to the pale features. How long I sat thus I know not; but, feeling my own strength leaving me, I leaned my head upon the pillow beside her own and slumbered. Starting up at last I met her look.

“‘You have saved me,’ she gently whispered. ‘Will you kindly send a telegram to my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip G——, at —— Street, New

York?' then closing her eyes again she fell into a refreshing sleep.

"I went out and sent the telegram as indicated, came back, and taking some nourishment which the good people had provided, fed her some broth as she awakened for a moment and said with a grateful look and smile, 'How good you are!' and again became oblivious. The good Quaker hostess assured me that the patient was doing finely, and urged me to take some rest. Throwing myself upon a couch in the adjoining sitting-room, I mentally reviewed the circumstances of the last few months, and then slept as those who have no care or fear, waiting the arrival of my friend Phillip.

"For, wonderful as it may seem, Phillip had long been one of my nearest friends. We were both busy men at work in different directions; but since our school-boy days there had existed an honest regard between us. Three years previously he had married a lady from C——, and I knew from the very tones of his voice that the marriage was a happy one. We had met half a dozen times since then, and Phillip had been hearty in his invitations for me to call at their home. Once he said, "Ada's sister Leila is with us now—the only woman, Angus, that I can ever wish you to know. Do come and see us." But that invitation like all others, had been unheeded.

"In a few hours Phillip and Ada entered; the latter was very like her sister. It was I who bent over the sleeping one until she stirred, and, waking with a smile, gazed at me with just that penetrating look she had worn in my dreams. It was I who raised her

head, gave her nourishment, and laid her back on the pillow, as if it were mine by right to do such offices. Then, before taking the brother and sister—whose solicitude had been allayed by my cheerfulness—into the chamber, I told them the story just as it has been written for you. It was received as you, my friends, will receive this. They recognized and respected the truth. “Leila is as sensitive as she is shy,” said Ada. ‘If she feels the subtle attraction, be sure you are blessed indeed, for no sweeter spirit ever drew breath on earth.’

“Leila roused at the presence of her friends, but not for one moment did she regard me as a stranger. Her eyes followed me about the room, she seemed to expect me by her side. And so it continued; Phillip and Ada kindly accepting my assistance until we took my dream-maiden back to their home. It was my arm on which she rested, it was my hand which supplied the tender attentions, that she accepted as the most natural thing in the world. Three days after, I sat in the twilight by her side and told her all my story. There was a sacred hush for a few moments, as if the very angels were pausing to hear my darling’s words. ‘I know it all, Angus, I know it all,’ she softly said. ‘When I first woke to consciousness and looked up at your face, I knew that I should live, and that the good God had blessed me beyond all other women.’

“But Leila herself promises to write a few words to the dear old friends who are now so much her own that she can scarce believe she knew them not a few months ago.”



## LEILA'S STORY.

"I have just read Angus' recital of our meeting, dear Cleo and Mona, and am ready to tell to his old friends how strange and beautiful it all was.

"For you see I too dreamed of him. As near as we can estimate, it was about the time he saw me that I too saw him. In my sleep I seemed to look into the face of one whom I could not help loving, and whom I knew it were safe to love. I had always had a horror of commonplace marriages. They seemed such desecrations of the inexpressible possibilities of affection, such a lowering of the real union of spirit with spirit. As a young lady, I had many friends among gentlemen; but if any one appeared attracted to me, the effect was to make him utterly repellent. Sister used to call me foolish; I could not help it, for something rose in antagonism that no effort could subdue. It seemed to me that it was the voice of God in my soul, and as such must be obeyed.

"Well, one night, as I said, I gazed in my sleep into the face of one to whom my heart leaped at once. A great fountain of love was opened that had never before been unsealed; I knew life could never be the same again. The ice was riven, the chains unlocked; the summer-time had come. As I looked, he opened his eyes and gazed at me as if he would draw my very soul into his own. When I moved the dream disappeared, but the warm glow remained at my heart. It has never left me since.

"Thrice that dream was repeated, and thrice the affection that had sprung into being grew and

strengthened, as the bud opens and expands into the perfected rose. And when the railway disaster occurred, it was he, the object of my visions, who called me back to life. A long while I must have been unconscious. The first I remember was the warm breath of his soul that seemed drawing me back to life. There was darkness about me, but beyond I caught a glimmer of soft sunlight and a lovely landscape; indistinct forms were hovering about, and strains of delicious music soothed my wakening senses. I was on the borders of a lovely country, but the will and the affection of my beloved drew me powerfully back to this life. I obeyed gladly, knowing, or rather feeling that it was my other self, my dream-soul, who kept me from wholly departing.

“So, when my eyelids unclosed and I saw his face bending above me with all its wealth of tenderness, I was content. And I am still content, dear friends, for Angus and I can never long be parted. That we both have many imperfections, many shortcomings, I am well aware. The years stretch before us fraught with toil and care and many practical experiences; we do not yet expect a state of perfect happiness. We may even find trying and perplexing qualities in one another, though I have yet discovered nothing which does not exalt him in my estimation, but we hold ourselves true to the ideal of entire regard, each for the individuality of the other, and entire confidence in each other's loyalty and honor. We are pledged to mutual helpfulness toward a higher and still higher standard of living; we will work together for and toward the ideal nature, the symmetrical, harmonious

character from our own interior conceptions of manhood and womanhood. And all trials, all defeats, shall only contribute to that end, and not to our discomfiture and unhappiness. United each to the other, dearer self, we can brave any storm of fate, knowing that we work with, and not against, the Divine laws of our Heavenly Father.

“It does not seem strange to me that Angus and I had the prophetic vision. We had lived pure lives, and religiously consecrated ourselves to the highest love of which we were capable. We had neither dissipated nor degraded our capacity for spontaneous natural affection, and no worldliness or conventionality had crusted over the fresh-flowing fountains of the heart. We had asked for revelation upon this subject, which is so often treated with mockery, so often lowered from its true standard, and the answer came. Truth, honor, exquisite tenderness, a delicacy amounting to reverence, a love profound, unselfish, and unchanging, I receive from Angus, and give him in return all a woman’s devotion. It must become a means to our higher development, and may all events and circumstances, all powers and laws, aid us now and evermore!”



## CHAPTER XXI.

### CONCLUSIONS.

How wonderful is death!  
The wakener of the soul!  
His eyes are full of sleep,  
His heart is full of love,  
His touch is full of peace.  
Gentle the languid motion  
Of every pulse subsides,  
Gliding out from the bodies we have worn,  
Without a jar to break  
The mystic strain of harmony that winds  
With sense-dissolving music through the soul—  
We are at liberty!

*Shelley.*

I am strong in the spirit, deep thoughted, clear-eyed;  
I could walk step by step with an angel beside.  
On the Heaven heights of Truth  
The true soul keeps its youth.

O Death! O Beyond!  
Thou art sweet, thou art strange.

*Mrs. Browning.*

The story of the shield which appeared on the one side as gold and on the other as silver is no myth. All events, all facts, have their obverse as well as reverse, their shadows as well as sunshine, their negative as well as positive conditions. Emphatically is this the case with the exercise of the inner vision, and the power to feel the presence of those who have ceased

to become inhabitants of earth. There is, in fact, no morality in these subtle perceptions. They are common to the selfish and the unselfish, the good and the bad. We must believe that, in the end, all things subserve eternal truth, eternal virtue, eternal wisdom.

There is no need, however, in going a thousand miles in order to compass ten: that is a sore waste of time and strength. Sooner or later we must take up the line of march and bend our energies toward the highest. Through devious paths or straight, we are compelled by the omnipresent laws of the universe to worship the true and the holy.

“What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent.”

All else must fade and disappear. We cannot afford, then, to lose time, to produce discord, wrong, suffering, in consorting with the base, the malicious, and the undeveloped. A poet has grandly asserted that

“All religions, all solid things, arts, governments,—all that was or is apparent upon this globe or any globe,—falls into niches and corners before the procession of Souls along the grand road of the Universe.” Through this illimitable procession of the ages these souls must make their way toward that Source from which they emanated, since Good must finally dominate Evil.

But there are many natures yet unawakened spiritually. They may have eloquence, acumen, intellectuality, wit, and genius; but they have little sense of unselfish regard for others, save those bound to them by the ties of kinship. Morally deficient, they delight in

mystifying, if not in cheating and personating. We see multitudes of such people: they dress well, pay church tithes, and transact a large percentage of the business of the country. No matter what professions they make, such persons have not been "born again." The holy fire of Divine love has never burned upon the altar of their hearts. They have no realization of moral responsibility, no practical knowledge of justice.

Now when such have passed through "the chemical change of death" it cannot be expected that individuality will be much heightened for quite a season. With the gross material body, much that is of earthly origin will without doubt pass away, but there can be no miracle to render such beings pure, exalted intelligences, capable of becoming teachers and exemplars. Such a change would be opposed alike to reason and to intuition. There are those whom it will probably take centuries to rightly apprehend the first principles of those moral laws upon which the very foundations of all life—natural and spiritual—depend. And they are those who must people vast spaces of the "Land Beyond the Sunrise."

How impotent, then, to try to found a religion out of any intercommunion between two separate states of existence, inhabited by those of similar development! Religion, which is based upon adoration of Truth, Justice, Love, Goodness, and Wisdom, is a matter of development and not a matter of residence. Does a man's condition depend upon his dwelling in a beautiful country?

And yet all the surroundings there must be such as to help; here they too often hinder. The bright spirits



of the "just made perfect" must bend from their high estate in infinite pity, to teach and lead those whose sordid or untaught minds keep them dense and impoverished where all should be lovely and ennobled. The death filter has retained the coarsest particles, but that which remains is still dense and heavy. The rapture, the glory, the beauty of heavenly knowledge, the loving service of our Heavenly Father, are as much myths to them as the communion of saints is to a sensuous man of the world here. There must be planes of development, and at death each must gravitate where he belongs.

It would seem, if such be the case, that the benefit to be derived from promiscuous "communion" would be very problematical.

He who doubts immortality, or who fears that affection and marked individuality do not survive the grave will do well to convince himself that spirit is potential; that its encasing matter alone changes in form and condition. And he must indeed be lightly grounded in ethical laws who fears that some discovery may be able to unsettle his faith in the Divine trend of the shores of the universe, no matter how far out into the mist of infinitude they may be explored. That eye must be short of sight which mistakes a little curve, an indentation from the reflex action of the current setting toward the great ocean of life, for that grand sweep which bounds the continent of human existence.

Otherwise it would seem to be a hazardous experiment to welcome any means by which intelligence is gained of that far-off land. "Try the spirits" is an in-

junction to be heeded now asmuch as in the days of the apostles. The conditions of the two worlds are so different, that it is a difficult thing to gain a pure communication from those who have left this chrysalis sphere. These same tricky, juggling, mirthful persons are not rendered wise and grave and unselfish all at once. The ignorant, the coarse, the depraved, are those who by the very nature of the case are attracted to the gross earth with which they have close kindred. What influence can they have that shall inspire and exalt? They may be benefited by the contact, if those with whom they deal are very wise and judicious. But this great subject is yet in its infancy, and is used by too many as a fetich, in which reason is to be yielded and common-sense extinguished. There are blind superstitions extant, which argue no good for those who yield to their witchery.

In it, all veneration for the highest, the noblest, the truest, is swept away in a torrent of gibes and jokes and jugglery. That life to which the aspiring, the reverential soul turns with yearnings unutterable, becomes degraded to the level of a cheap, mountebank show.

On the contrary, this communion may be made to kindle a deathless light in that inner sanctuary where we hold direct communication with supernal sources of love and goodness. It may comfort and inspire, may bless and sustain, while it holds us to the one chief object of existence—a symmetrical development in which all powers sweetly yield the fragrance of their blossoming as loving tribute unto that all-creating and sustaining Love and Wisdom whom men call God;

that parent sun from whom all lesser soul-stars are enkindled.

However we may theorize, we must agree that "salvation" is the object of existence—salvation from physical and mental disease, ignorance, deformity, and death. That is not to be gained by gratifying idle curiosity or indulging in amusing vagaries. It can only be attained by earnest self-denial and strenuous effort, by the exercise of reason and judgment, and by consecration to truth for its own sake. "The pure in heart shall see God," for only they can come into close relations with the pure heart whose pulsations throb throughout all space. And those whose atmospheres or auras blend continually in seeking communications from the departed with the sensuous, the ignorant, and the depraved, will end in sinking to their level instead of bringing such unto a higher plane of life.

But, with thankfulness be it said, "there is no screen or bar where God the cause ends and man the effect begins." The bending heavens shower unutterable blessings and rapturous sweetness upon the communion of soul with soul, when we purify and cleanse our hearts of all unworthy thoughts, all ignoble feelings, making them fit temples for the abode of the Holy Spirit. Then streams into the asking one power and wisdom and love and beauty; then are we lifted into a more ethereal air and breathe in great draughts from spiritual fountains. And all this influx of the higher world must be converted into the activities and uses of this. No emotion, no aspiration, no communion with departed loved ones, has its legitimate effect, unless it gives renewed hope, courage, faith, and strength



to do better work, to live better lives, to become more and more fit for holy companionship, when we too shall be numbered with the blest immortals. Nor do we need to go outside ourselves to receive such help, to enjoy such communion. No power can forbid such blessedness, no bar can intervene between this world and that "Beyond the Sunrise."

Nor is this calculated to make us unpractical: on the contrary, we shall be better fitted to understand life and to labor joyously in our several spheres. Realizing the end from the beginning, the triumph of good over evil, we shall understand the soul's birthright will be to realize that—

"There are treasures of good in the human soul  
That can never be counted, nor sung, nor told:  
The lowliest son of the valley-sod  
An image bears of his Father-God;  
The vilest wretch in the haunts of crime,  
The howling serf in a despot's clime,  
The groaning slave on a Southern shore  
Cursing his manacles evermore;  
The woman-heart that to vice hath stooped,  
By love bewildered and treachery duped,  
Lost on the shoreless, waveless sea  
Of pitiless, merciless misery;  
The sobbing child with its garments torn,  
Its feet all bloody and cold and worn;  
The dungeon martyr, the bondman's friend,  
The heroes who never to error bend—  
All these, all these, in the deep soul bear  
An immortal image, pure and fair,  
Of the Parent Soul, of the Presence grand,  
Whose Home is the Spirit's Fatherland,  
Then level the sceptre of Pope and Priest  
And call their victims to Reason's feast!

Gather the beggars wan and pale,  
Strengthen the hands and the hearts that fail;  
Touch the electric chain of love  
That links each soul to its home above,  
And pour o'er the sea of human feeling,  
Joys that the angels are revealing.  
Thus will the changeless and good and true  
Like a deathless song be aroused anew;  
And Religion, long but an exiled name,  
Joyfully haste to the world again."







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Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake is a very eloquent lady, and a thorn in the side of the Rev. Dr. Dix, and gentlemen who, like him, presume to say that woman is not man's equal, if not his superior. Mrs. Blake in her reply to Dr. Dix's recent lecture upon "Divorce," made some interesting remarks upon the sex to which she has the honor to belong.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

There is no denying that Mrs. Blake has, spartan-like, stood as a break-water to the surging flood Rector Dix has cast upon the so-called weaker sex with the hope of engulfing it. It is sad to see a gentleman in the position Dr. Dix occupies setting himself deliberately at work to not only bring reproach upon the female sex, but to make us all look with contempt upon our mothers and sisters. And the worst of his case is that he has shown that spirit in the male part of mankind, which is not at all creditable to it, of depreciating the intellect, the judgment, the ability and the capability of the female sex in order to elevate to a higher plane the male sex. According to Dr. Dix the world would be better were there no more female children born. And he makes this argument in the face of the fact that there would be "hell upon earth" were it not for the influence of women, and such women as Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, especially.—*Albany Sunday Press*.

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Mrs. Blake's was the most interesting and spicy speech of the evening. She was in a sparkling mood and hit at everything and everybody that came to her mind.—*The Evening Telegram, N. Y.*

A stately lily of a woman, with delicate features, a pair of great gray eyes that dilate as she speaks till they light her whole face like two great soft stars.—*The Independent, N. Y.*

\* \* \* She advanced to the front of the platform, gesticulated gracefully and spoke vigorously, defiantly and without notes.—*New York Citizen*.

\* \* \* a most eloquent and polished oration. The peroration was a grand burst of eloquence.—*Troy Times*.

Lillie Devereux Blake, blonde, brilliant, staccato, stylish, is a fluent speaker, of good platform presence, and argued wittily and well.—*Washington Post*.

There are very few speakers on the platform who have the brightness, vivacity and fluency of Lillie Devereux Blake.—*Albany Sunday Press*.

She is an easy, graceful speaker, and wide-awake withal, bringing our frequent applause.—*Hartford Times*.

Mrs. Blake's address was forcible and eloquent. The speaker was frequently interrupted by applause.—*New York Times*.

The most brilliant lady speaker in the city.—*New York Herald*.

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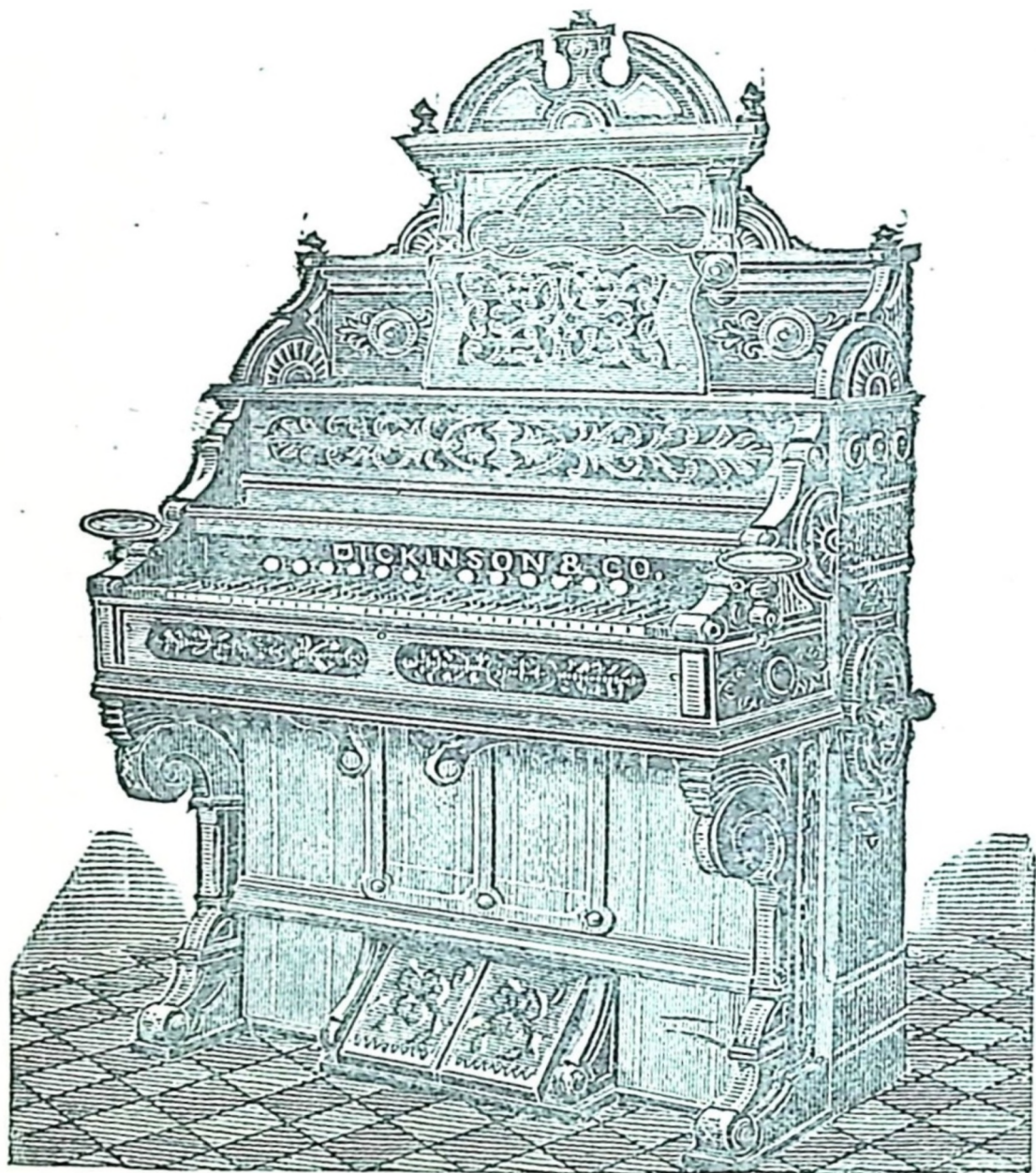
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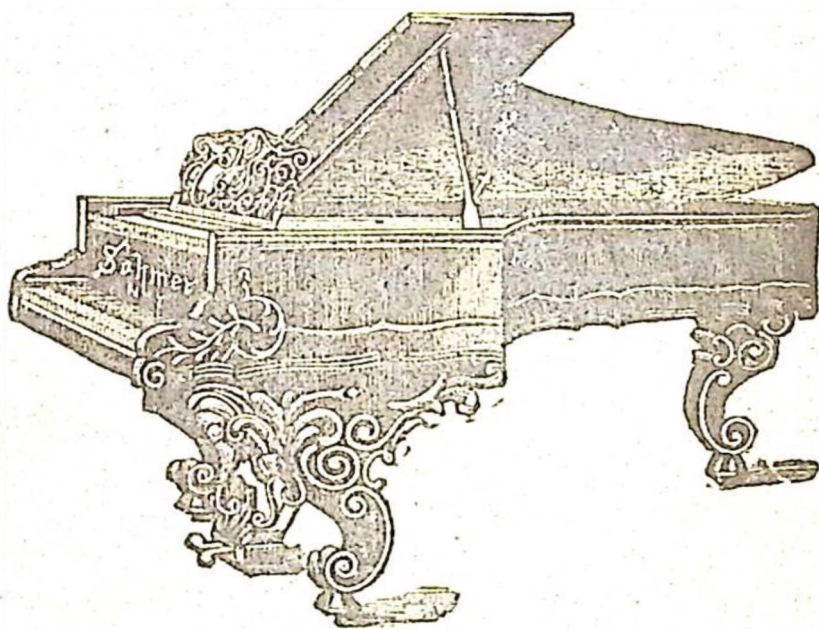
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